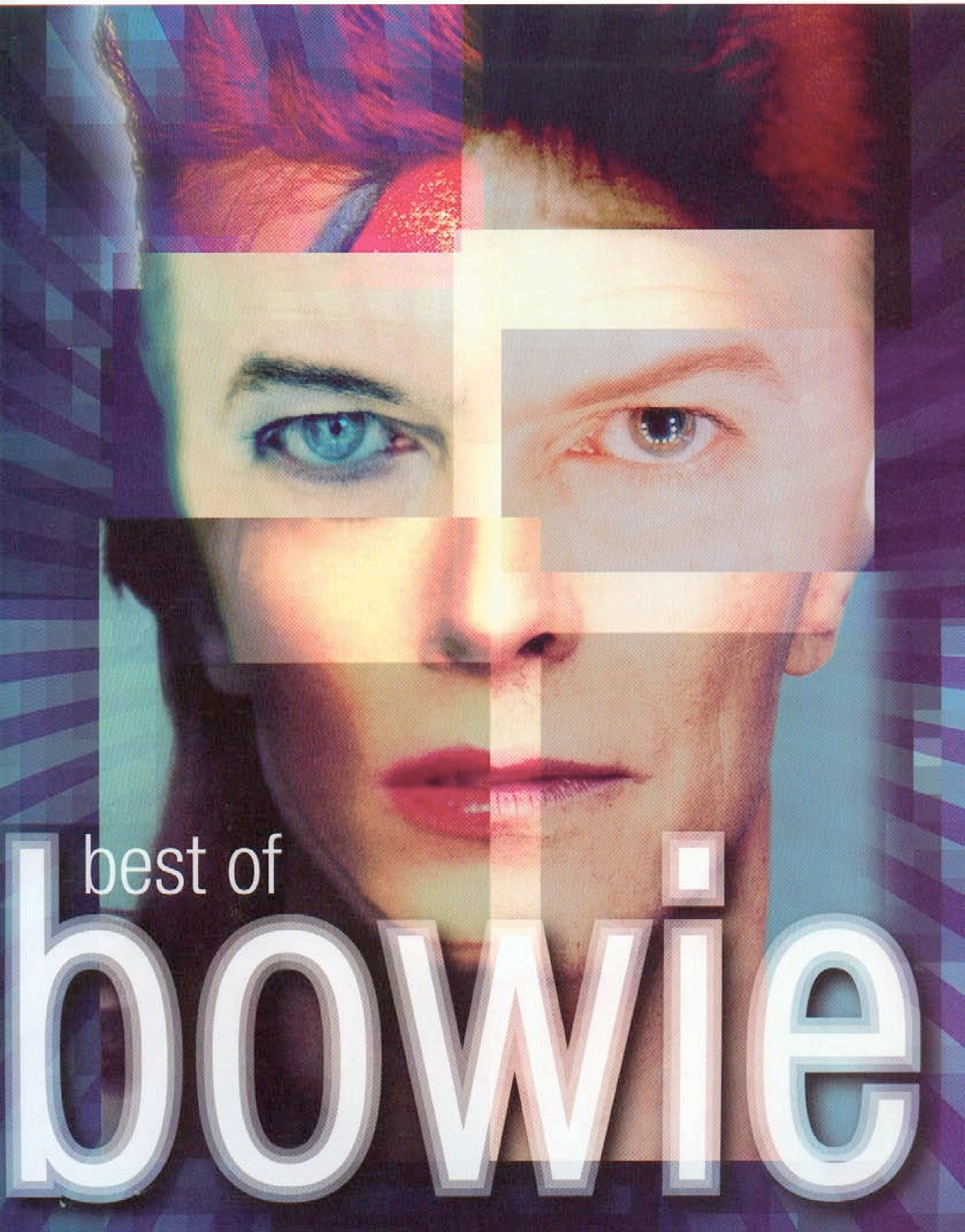
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Space Oddity

Words & Music by David Bowie.

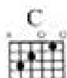
♩ = 68

Fmaj7

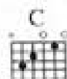
Em

Fmaj7


Em

C

Em


Ground Con - trol to Ma - jor Tom,

C

Em


Ground Con - trol to Ma - jor Tom,

Am Am/G D/F♯

take your pro - tein pills and put your hel - met on.

C Em

Ground Con - trol to Ma - jor Tom,

Ten Nine Eight Seven

C Em Am Am/G

com - menc - ing count - down, en - gines on, check ig - ni - tion and may

Six Five Four Three Two One

D

God's love be with you.

lift-off.

𝄆 Ped.

C E7

This is Ground Con - trol to Ma - jor Tom, you've real - ly made the grade

F Fm C

and the pa - pers want to know whose shirts you wear.

F Fm C

Now it's time to leave the cap - sule if you dare.

F C

This is Ma - jor Tom to Ground Con - trol,

E7 F

I'm step-ping through the door, and I'm

Fm C F

float-ing in a most pe-cu-li-ar way, and the stars

Fm C F

look ve-ry dif-fer-ent to-day. For

Fmaj7 Em7

here am I sit-ting in a tin can,
(𝄋) (float-ing round my)

Fmaj7 Em7

far a - bove the world.
(the moon.)

B♭maj9 Am9 Gadd9 F

Pla - net Earth is blue and there's no - thing I can do.

C F G A C F G A

Fmaj7 Em7 Aadd9

F G E7(b9)

Ground Con - trol to Ma - jor Tom, your

Am Am/G D7/F♯

cir - cuits dead, there's some - thing wrong, can you hear me Ma - jor Tom, can you

C G

D.S. al Coda

hear me Ma - jor Tom, can you hear me Ma - jor Tom? Can you

Coda

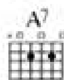
E

Repeat ad lib. to fade

The Man Who Sold The World

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩=116





F

Dm

A7

1. We passed up - on the stair, we

(Verse 2 see block lyric)

Dm

spoke of was and when. Al - though I was - n't there

sim.

A7 F

he said I was his friend, which

C

came as some sur - prise. I spoke in - to his

A7 Dm

2/4 4/4

eyes, I thought you died a - lone, a

C

long, long time a - go. Oh no,

C F B♭m/D♭

not me, { I / we } nev - er lost con - trol.

F C F

You're face to face with the

B♭m/D♭ *To Coda* A7

man who sold the world.

Dm F

1.



2. I laughed and shook his

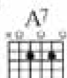
2.



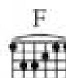
D.S. al Coda

Who knows

⊕ *Coda*







Dm A7

Ah.

Dm F

Ah.

Dm

Repeat ad lib. to fade

Verse 2:
I laughed and shook his hand
And made my way back home.
I searched for form and land
For years and years I roamed
I gazed a gazely stare
At all the millions here
We must have died alone
A long, long time ago.

Who knows? Not me
We never lost control
You're face to face
With the man who sold the world.

Oh! You Pretty Things

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩. = 76

F G F

E♭ D♭ F G F E♭

D♭ G♭/D♭ D♭ G♭/D♭ D♭ G♭/D♭ D♭ G♭/D♭ G♭ D♭

Wake up you sleep-y head,

E♭sus4 E♭m G♭ D♭

put on some clothes, shake up your bed, put a-no-ther log on the fire for me,

A♭ E♭ G♭ D♭

I've made some break-fast and cof - fee. Look out my win-dow, what do I see? a

B♭7/D E♭m G♭/F♭ C♭/E♭ A♭7/E♭

crack in the sky, and a hand reach - ing down to me, all the night-mares came to - day,

D♭ D♭7 G♭ C dim D♭

and it looks as though they're here to stay.

D dim E♭ B♭/F Fsus4 F G♭ D♭

What are we com-ing to?

E♭sus4 E♭m G♭ D♭

No room for me, no fun for you, I think a-bout a world to come, where the
(2° see block lyrics)

A♭ E♭ G♭ D♭

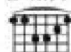
books were found by the Gol-den Ones, writ-ten in pain, writ-ten in awe, by a

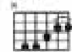
B♭7/D E♭m G♭/F♭ C♭/E♭ A♭7/E♭

puz-zled man who ques-tioned what we were here for. All the stran-gers came to-

D♭ D♭7 G♭

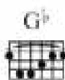
-day, and it looks as though they're here to stay.

B♭m/F

E♭m7


G♭/D♭


Oh! You pret - ty things, don't you know you're driv - ing your

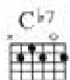
C♭7

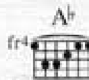
G♭

B♭m/F


ma - mas and pa - pas in - sane? Oh! You pret - ty things,

E♭m7

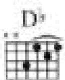
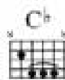

G♭/D♭

C♭7

G♭

A♭


don't you know you're driv - ing your ma - mas and pa - pas in - sane? Let me make it plain,

1.

D♭

C♭

G♭

D♭


got - ta make way for the Ho - mo Su - pe - ri - or. Look out at your child - ren.

2.

G♭ F G

F E♭ D♭ F G

F E♭ D♭ G♭/D♭ D♭ G♭/D♭ D♭ G♭/D♭ D♭ G♭/D♭

C F/C D G/D rit. F F/C C

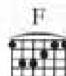
2°:
Look out at your children
See their faces in golden rays
Don't kid yourself they belong to you
They're the start of the coming race.

The earth is a bitch
We've finished our news
Homo sapiens have outgrown their use.
All the strangers came today
And it looks as though they're here to stay.

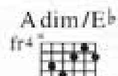
Oh! You pretty things *etc.*

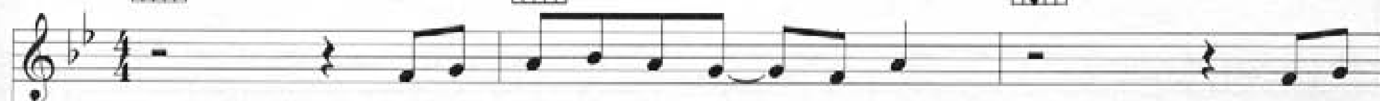
Life On Mars?
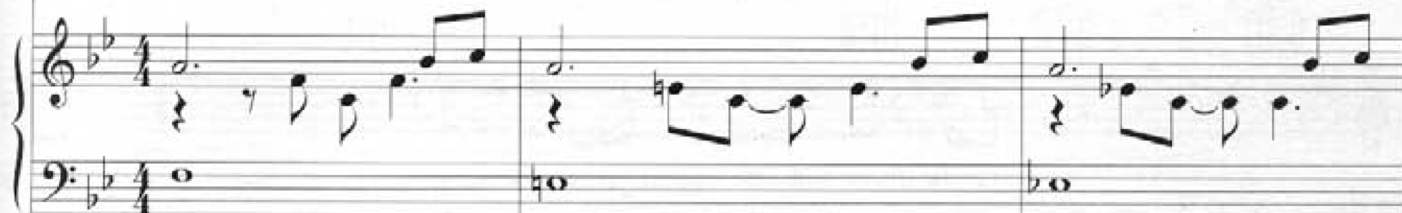
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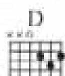




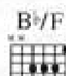


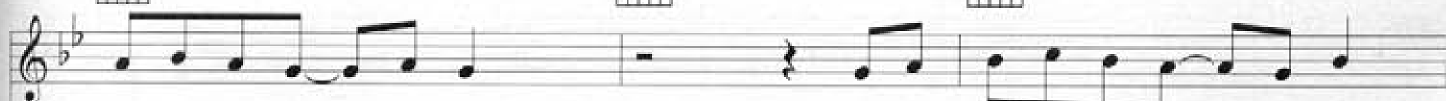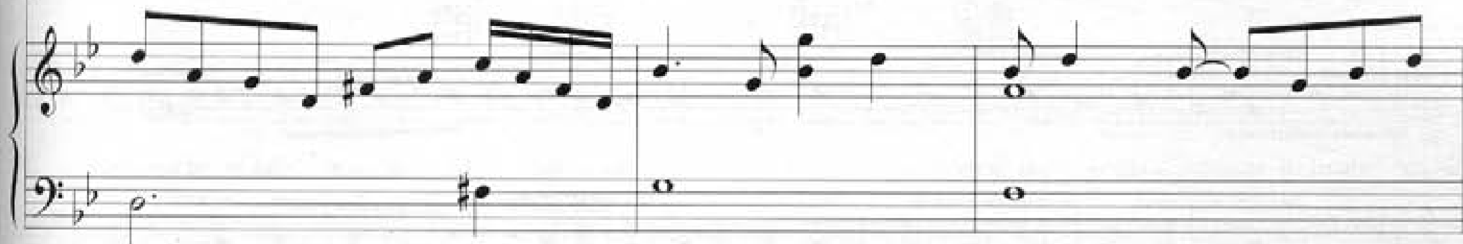




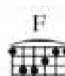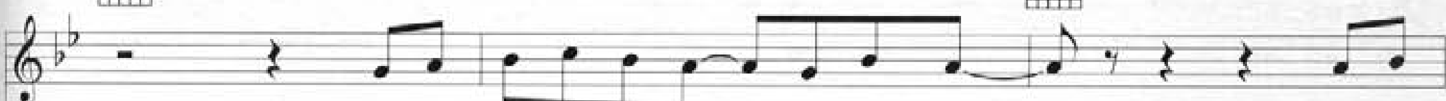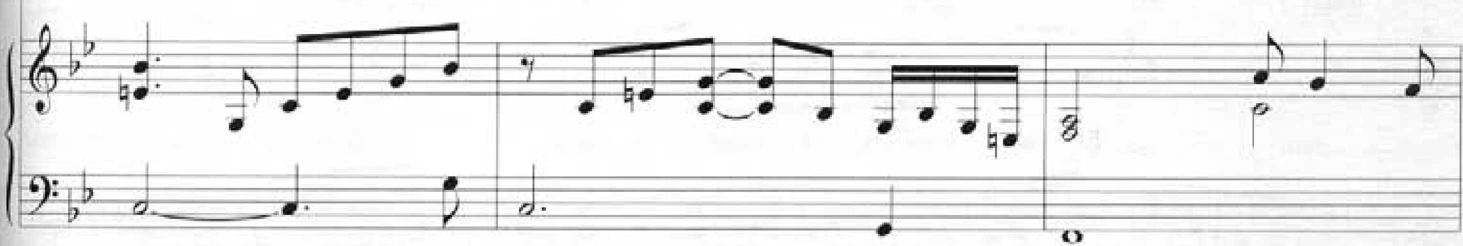














Am/E Adim/E♭ D

friend is no - where to be seen, now she walks through her sunk - en dream,

Gm B♭/F C7

to the seat with the clear - est view and she's

A♭/E♭ E aug

hooked to the sil - ver screen. But the film is a sad - d'ning bore

Fm G♭ D♭

for she's lived it ten times or more. She could

A aug | B♭m | D♭7/C♭

spit in the eyes of fools as they ask her to fo - cus on

B♭ | E♭ | Gm7

sail - ors fight - ing in the dance hall. Oh man,

G♭aug | F | Fm

look at those cave - men go, it's the freak - i - est show.

Cm7 | E♭m7 | B♭

Take a look at the law - man

E♭ Gm7 G♭aug

beat - ing up the wrong guy. Oh, man, won - der if he'll ev - er know

F Fm Cm7

he's in the best sell - ing show.

8va

E♭m7 Gm7 G♭aug

Is there life on Mars?

B♭/F *To Coda* ⊕ Em7(♭5) F

F♯dim Gm Ddim Am B♭

B♭m F *D.S. al Coda* ⊕ *Coda* Em7(♭5) F

2. It's on A-

F♯dim Gm B♭/F

rit.

E♭ E♭m B♭

Verse 2:
It's on Amerika's tortured brow that Mickey Mouse has grown up a cow
Now the workers have struck for fame 'cause Lennon's on sale again
See the mice in their million hordes, from Ibiza to the Norfolk Broads
Rule Brittania is out of bounds to my mother, my dog and clowns
But the film is a saddening bore 'cause I wrote it ten times or more
It's about to be writ again as I ask her to focus on

Sailors fighting in the dance hall *etc.*

Changes

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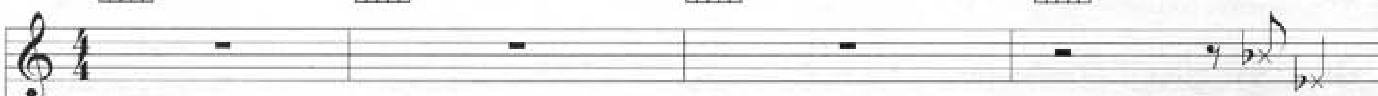
♩= 112
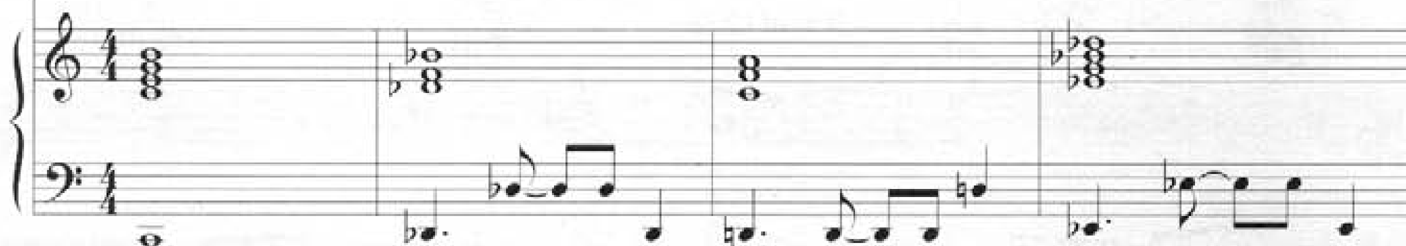


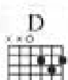




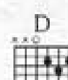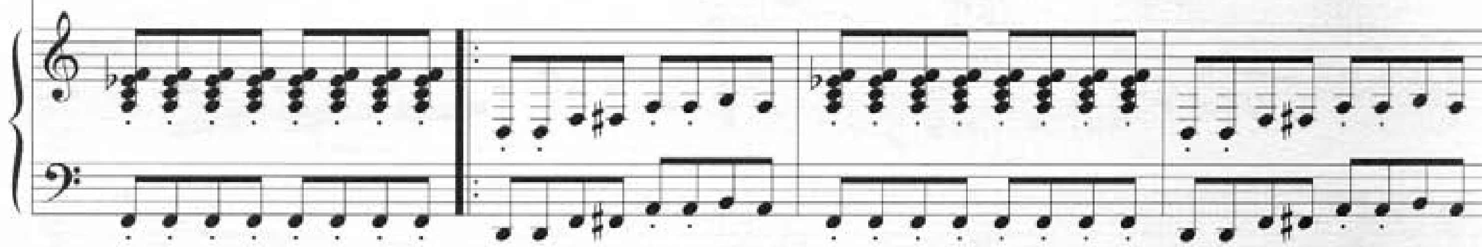




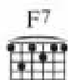


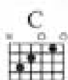





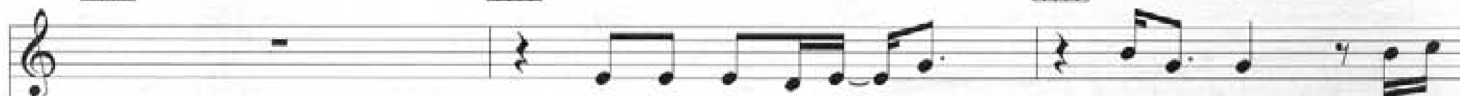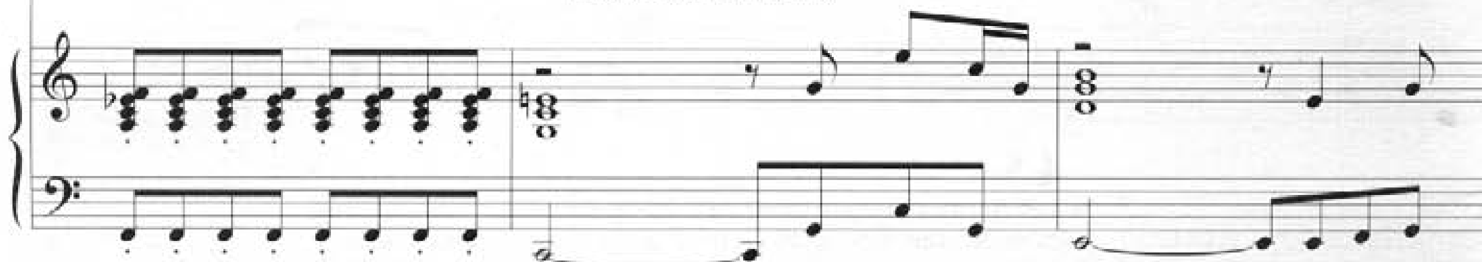












F G F C

time was run-ning wild, a mil-lion dead end streets, and ev-'ry time I thought I'd

Em7 F G

got it made it seemed the taste was not so sweet. So I

Cmaj7 Dm7 Em7 E♭m7 Dm7

turned my - self to face me, but I've nev - er caught a glimpse

G Cmaj7 Dm7 Em7 E♭m7

of how the oth - ers must see the fa - ker, I'm much too

Dm7 G F C C/B

fast to take that test. Ch - ch - ch - ch - chan - ges. Turn and face the strange

C/A C/G F F/E D

— ch - ch - chan - ges,— don't want to be a rich - er man.

G F C C/B C/A C/G

Ch - ch - ch - ch - chan - ges. Turn and face the strange.— Ch - ch - chan - ges,—

F F/E D F/A C/G B♭

it's gon - na have to be a dif - ferent man. Time may change

F C/E G/D F/A

1.

C

me, but I can't trace time.

8vb

2.

C Dm Em F

time. Strange fas - ci - na - tion, fas -

C F/C C F

-ci - nat - ing me, oh, chan - ges are

G F

tak - ing the pace I'm go - ing thru. Ch - ch - ch - ch - chan - ges.

C C/B C/A C/G F F/E

Turn and face the strange ch-ch-chan-ges, ooh, look out you rock and roll-ers.

D G F C C/B

Ch-ch-ch-ch-chan-ges, Turn and face the strange

C/A C/G F F/E D

ch-ch-chan-ges, pret-ty soon now you're gon-na get old-er.

F/A C/G B♭ F C/E G/D F/A C

Time may change me, but I can't trace time, I said that

F/A C/G B♭ F C/E G/D F/A C

time may change me, but I can't trace time.

Saxophone

Dm7 Em7 E♭7

rit.

Dm7 D♭maj7 Cmaj7

Verse 2:
I watch the ripples change their size
But never leave the stream of warm impermanence and
So the days float thru' my eyes
But still the days seem the same.

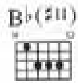
And these children that you spit on
As they try to change their worlds
Are immune to your consultations
They're quite aware of what they're going thru'.

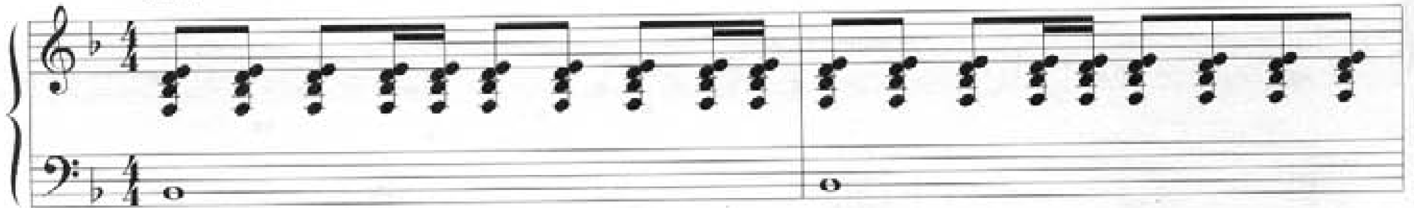
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes
Turn and face the strange
Ch-ch-changes
Don't tell them to grow up and out of it.
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes
Turn and face the strange
Ch-ch-changes
Where's your shame
You've left us up to our necks in it
Time may change me
But you can't trace time.

Starman

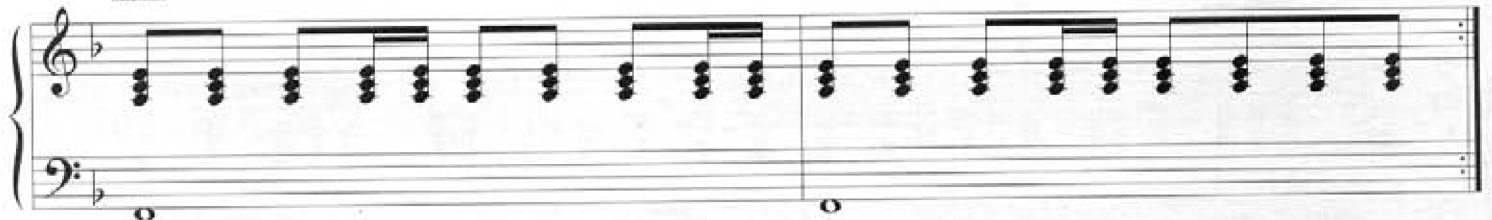
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♩=96

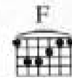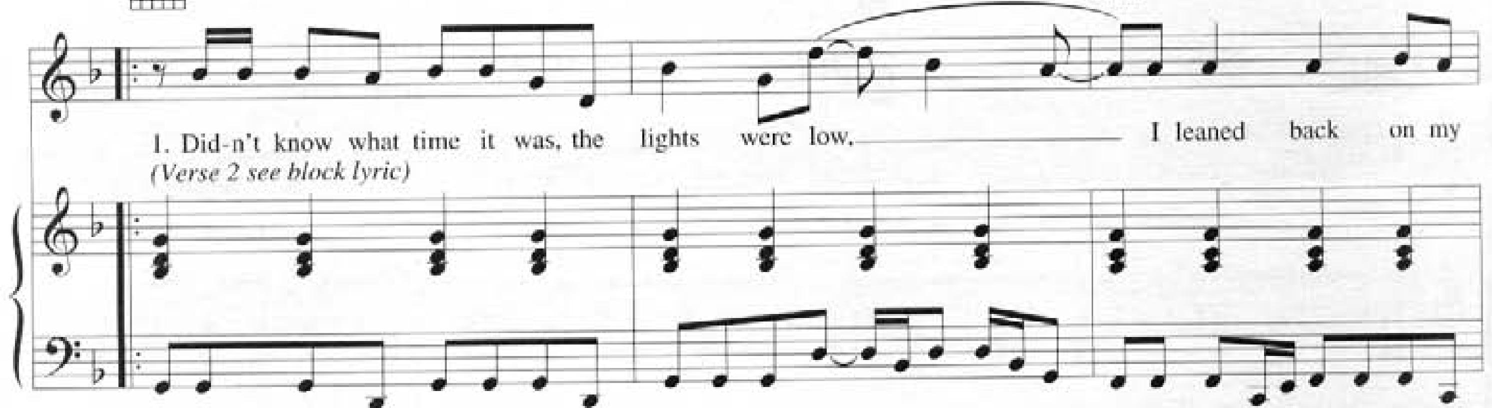




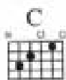




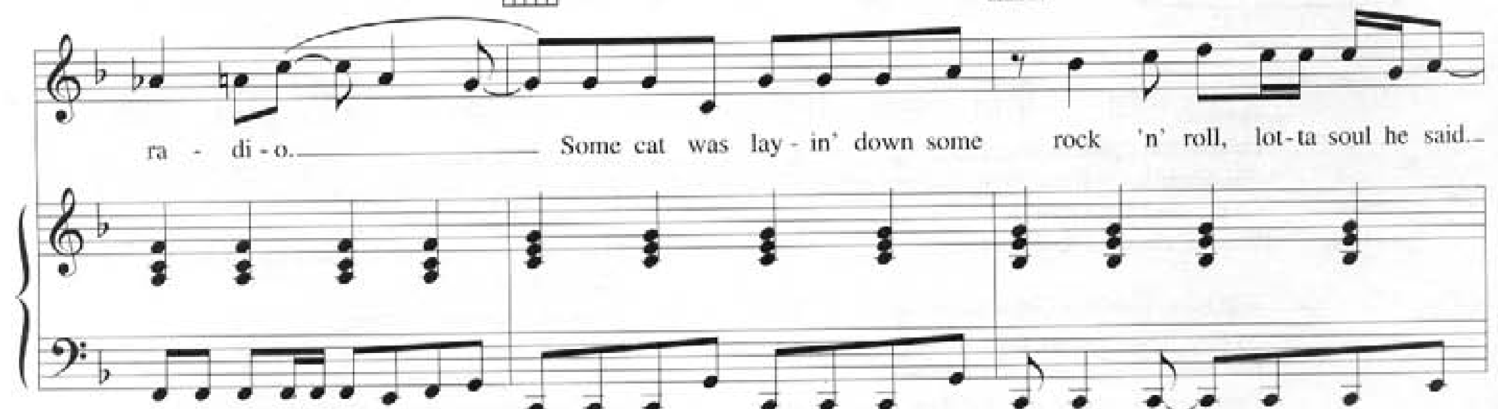












F Ab Bb Gm

Then the loud sound did seem to fade,

F C

came back like a slow voice on a wave of phase. That weren't no D. J. that was

C7 A G

ha - zy cos - mic jive. There's a

F Dm Am C/G

star - man wait-ing in the sky, he'd like to come and meet us but he

C7 F Dm

thinks he'll blow our minds. There's a star - man wait-ing in the sky, he's

Am C/G C7

told us not to blow it 'cause he knows it's all worth-while. He told me,

B♭ B♭m F D/F♯ Gm C7

'Let the chil - dren lose it, let the chil - dren use it, let all the chil-dren boo - gie.'

1. B♭ F C

F Gm Am B♭ F C

2.

F Dm Am C/G

Star - man wait-ing in the sky, he'd like to come and meet us but he

C7 F Dm

thinks he'll blow our minds. There's a star - man wait-ing in the sky, he's

Am C/G C7

told us not to blow it 'cause he knows it's all worth-while. He told me,

B♭ B♭m F D/F♯ Gm C7

'Let the chil - dren lose it, let the chil - dren use it, let all the chil - dren boo - gie.'

B♭ F C F Gm Am

B♭ F C F Gm Am

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Verse 2:
I had to phone someone so I picked on you
Hey, that's far out so you heard him too!
Switch on the T.V. we may pick him up on channel two
Look out your window, I can see his light
If we can sparkle he may land tonight
Don't tell your poppa or he'll get us locked up in fright.

There's a starman *etc.*

Suffragette City

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩= 140

A F G

Hey man, oh, leave me a - lone, you know,

hey man, oh Hen-ry get off the phone, I got - ta, hey man, I got - ta

B D F G

straight-en my face, this - mel-low thighed chick just put my spine out of place.

A F G A

Hey man, my school-days in - sane, hey man, my

(2^a see block lyric)

F G A B

work's down the drain, hey man, well she's a to-tal blam-blam, she

D F G

said she had to squeeze it but she, and then she. Oh, don't

A D F C

lean on me man 'cause you can't af-ford the tick-et. I'm back on Suf-fra-gette Ci-

G A D

-ty. Oh, don't lean on me man 'cause you ain't got time to check it.

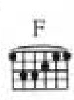
F C G A

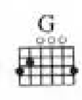
You know my Suf-fra-gette Ci - ty is out-ta sight. She's al-

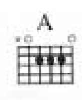
1.

-right. Mm.

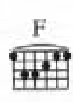
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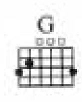


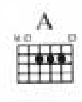


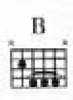


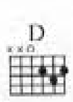
-right. Oh, hit me.

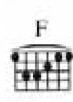


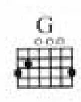


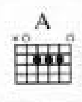




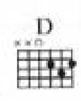


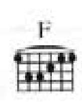


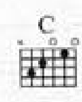




Oh, don't lean on me man 'cause you







can't af - ford the tick - et. I'm back on Suf - fra - gette Ci -

G A D

-ty. Oh, don't lean on me man 'cause you ain't got time to check it.

F C **1.** G

You know my Suf - fra - gette Ci - ty. Don't

2. G A

ty is out - ta sight, oh, she's al -

A F A

-right. A Suf - fra - gette Ci - ty.

F A F

A Suf - fra-gette Ci - ty. I'm back on Suf - fra-gette Ci -

A F A

-ty. I'm back on Suf - fra - gette Ci - ty.

F A F

A Suf - fra - gette Ci - ty. A Suf - fra-gette Ci -

A F A

-ty. A Suf - fra - gette Ci - ty.

F E

A Suf - fra-gette.

1. Repeat ad lib.

A G

gliss

Oh, wham bam thank - you Mam!

2.

A

Suf - fra - gette.

2º

Hey man, oh Henry don't be unkind, go away
Hey man, I can't take you this time, no way
Hey man, say Droogie don't crash here
There's only room for one and here she comes, here she comes.

Oh don't lean on me *etc.*

Ziggy Stardust

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩= 80

G D Cadd9 G/B Am7

G D Cadd9 G/B Am7

G Bm C

Zig-gy played gui-tar, jam-ming good with Weird and Gil-ly, and The Spi-ders from Mars.

D G

He played it left hand, but made it too far,

Em Am7 C

became the special man, then we were Ziggy's band.

G Bm C

Ziggy really sang, screwed up eyes and screwed down hairdo, like some cat from Japan.

(2° see block lyric)

D G Em

He could lick 'em by smiling, he could leave 'em to hang. They came on so

Am7 C

load - ed man, — well hung and snow white tan. —

A5 G5 F5 E5 F5 E5 F5 E5 F5 G5 A5 G5

So where were the spi - ders while the fly tried to break

F5 E5 F5 E5 F5 E5 F5 G5 A5 G5 F5 E5 F5 E5 F5 E5 F5 G5

— our balls? — With just the beer — light to guide — us, so we

D E G D

bitched a - bout — his fans — and should we crush his sweet hands? — Oh!

1.

Cadd9 G/B Am7 G D Cadd9 G/B Am7

Mm.

2.

Cadd9 G/B Am7 G D Cadd9 G/B Am7

Oh yeah. Ooh.

G D

Free time

Cadd9 G

Zig - gy played gui - tar.

2°
Ziggy played for time
Jiving us that we were Voodoo
The Kids were just crass
He was the nazz
With God-given ass
He took it all too far
But boy, could he play guitar.

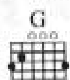
Making love with his ego
Ziggy sucked up into his mind
Like a leper Messiah
When the kids had killed the man
I had to break up the band.

John, I'm Only Dancing

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩=160

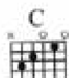
G

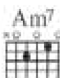
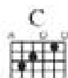


1. An-nie's ve - ry sweet she al - ways eats her meat and Jo - ey comes on strong,
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

bet your life he's put - ting us on. Oh Lawd - y, oh Lawd - y,

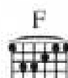
C



Am7  C  G 

you know I need some lov - ing. Hold me,

touch me.

Em  F 

John, I'm on - ly danc - ing. She turns me on

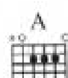
Em 

but I'm on - ly danc - ing. She turns me on





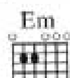
but don't get me wrong, I'm on - ly danc -



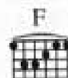
- ing.

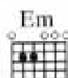
1.

2.



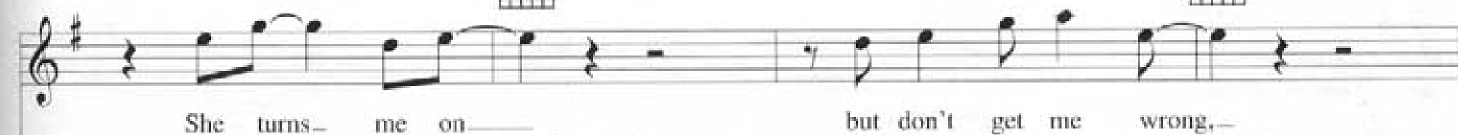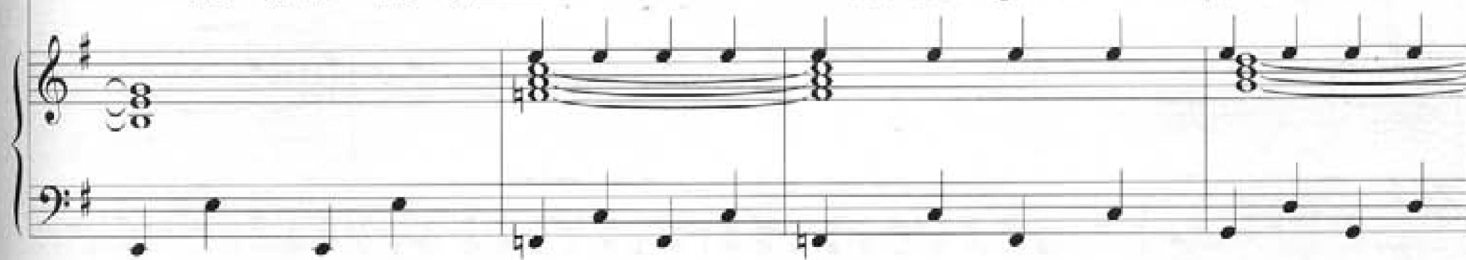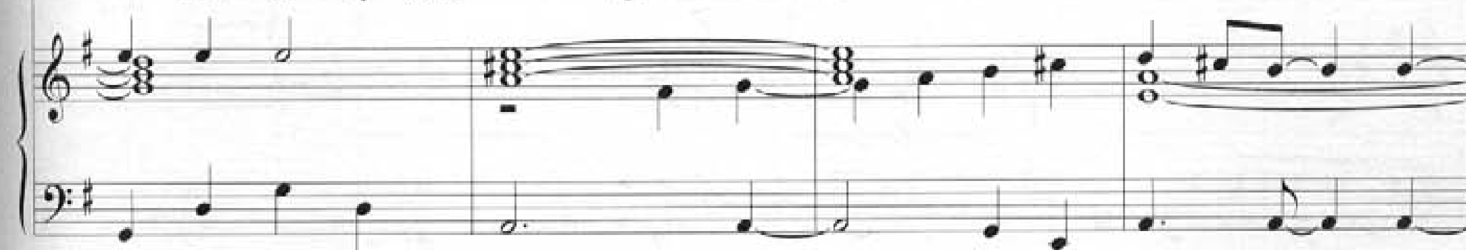
John, I'm on - ly danc - ing.
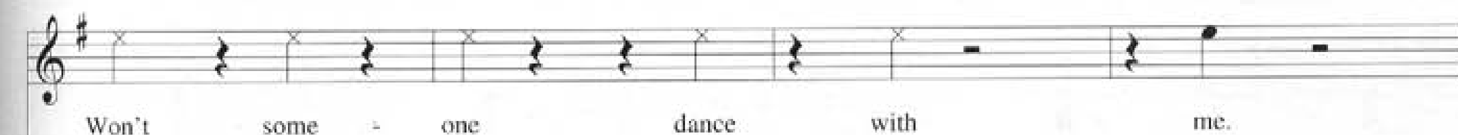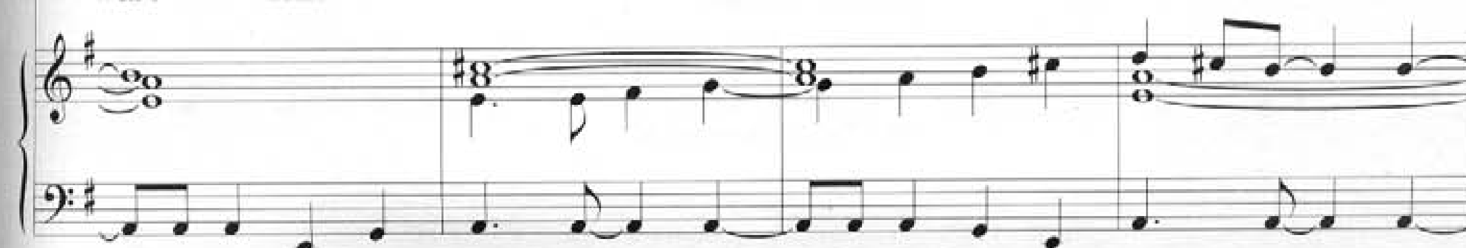
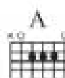
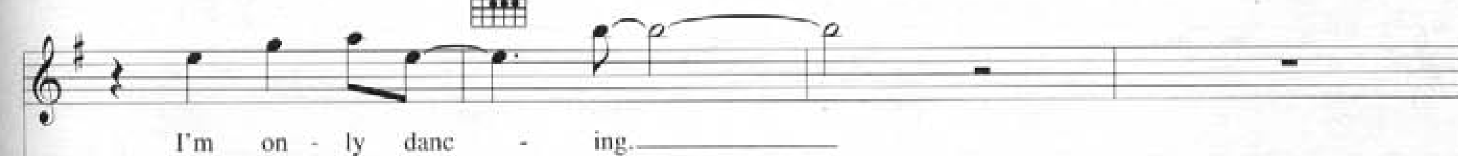


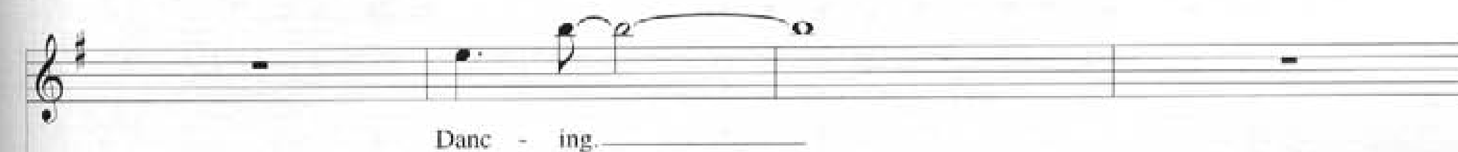


She turns me on but I'm on - ly danc - ing.


Fmaj7

G6

She turns me on but don't get me wrong,


A

I'm on - ly danc - ing.


Danc - ing.


Won't some - one dance with me.


Touch me!

G

Verse 2:
Shadow love is quick and clean
Life's a well-thumbed machine
I saw you watching from the stairs
You're everyone that ever cared.
Oh Lawdy, oh Lawdy
You know I need some loving
Hold me, touch me.

John, I'm only dancing *etc.*

The Jean Genie

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩=128

E E A E A E A E A E A E A E A E A E A

1. Small Jean Ge-nie snuck off to the ci-ty, strung out on la-sers and
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

slash-back bla-zers and ate all your ra-zors while pull-ing the wai-ters.

E A E A

Talk - in' 'bout Mon - roe- and walk - ing on Snow White,

E A E A E A

New York's a go - go and ev - 'ry - thing tastes nice, poor lit - tle Green - ie.

E A E A E *1° only* E/B

Ooh.

B

Jean Ge - nie lives on his back. The Jean Ge - nie

loves chim-ney stacks. He's out - ra-geous, he screams and he bawls.

A

Jean Ge - nie, let your-self go!

D A D

E A E A E A E A

3. He's

E A E A E A

so sim - ple mind-ed, he can't drive his mo-dule, he bites on the ne - on, and

E A E A E A

sleeps in a cap - sule. Loves to be loved,

E A E A E A

loves to be loved.

E A E A E A

3 3

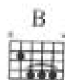
E A E A E A

E A E A E A

E A E A

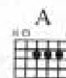
E

Oh

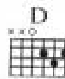


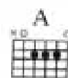
— Jean Ge - nie lives on his back.— The Jean Ge - nie loves—

— chim - ney stacks.— He's out - ra - geous, he screams and he bawls.—



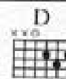
Jean Ge - nie, let your - self go!—





Go!—

1.



Go!—

2.

D E A E A

Go, go!

Play 4 times ad lib.

E A E A

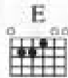
E

Verse 2:
Sits like a man but he smiles like a reptile
She loves him, she loves him but just for a short while
She'll scratch in the sand, won't let go his hand
He says he's a beautician and sells you nutrition
And keeps all your dead hair for making up underwear
Poor little Greenie, ooh!

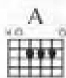
Drive-In Saturday

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩. = 68



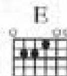
1. Let me





put my arms_ a-round your head. Gee it's hot let's go to bed.
(Verse 2 see block lyric)





Don't for-get to turn on the light. Don't laugh babe, it-'ll be al-right.

A F♯m

Pour me out an - oth - er phone, I'll ring and see if your friends are home.

C♯m/E A E

Per-haps the strange ones in the dome can lend us a book we can read up a - lone. And

D A

try to get it on like once be - fore, when

D A F♯m B7

peo-ple stared in Jag-ger's eyes and scored, like the vi-de-o films we saw. His

C D G F E7 Am Am/G

name was al - ways Bud - dy and he'd shrug and ask to stay. She'd

D/F♯ G C G/B D

sigh like Twig the Won - der Kid and turn her face a - way. She's un -

To Coda

C D G F E7 Am Am/G D/F♯ G

- cer - tain if she likes him but she knows she real - ly loves him. It's a crash course for the rav - ers, it's a

1.

C G/B Am7 C/G D/F♯ D/E C G/B Am7 C/G D/F♯ D/E D D/C

drive - - - in Sa - tur - day.

D.S. al Coda

2. C G/B Am7 C/G D/F♯ D/E D D/C

drive - - - in Sa - tur - day. His

⊕ Coda

C G/B Am7 C/G D/F♯ D C G/B Am7 C/G

drive - - - in Sa - tur - day. Yeah, yeah.

D/F♯ D/E D C G/B Am7 C/G D/F♯ D/E D

Repeat ad lib. to fade

Drive - - - in Sa - tur - day. It's a

Verse 2:
Jung the foreman prayed at work
That neither hands nor limbs would burst
It's hard enough to keep formation
Amid this fall out saturation
Cursing at the Astronette
That stands in steel by his cabinet
He is crashing out with Sylvian
Bureau supply for ageing men
With snorting head he gazes to the shore
Where once it raged, the sea that raged no more
Like the video films we saw.

His name was always Buddy *etc.*

Sorrow

Words & Music by Bob Feldman, Jerry Goldstein & Richard Gottehrer.

♩. = 120

N.C. G C/G

G

With your long blond hair and your

eyes of blue, the on - ly thing I ev - er got from you was

C

G

sor - row,— sor - row.— You

G

act - ed fun - ny tryin' to spend my mo - ney, you're out there play - ing your—

(2° see block lyric)

C

high class games of sor - row,—

G

sor - row.— You nev - er do what you

know you ought - a, some - thing tells_ me you're the de - vil's daught - er.

C G

Sor - row,_ sor - row._

D C G

1.

Ooh._

C G

I

2.

F

With your long blonde hair I could-n't

G F

sleep last night. With your long blonde hair.

F

Ooh.

Ooh.

Repeat ad lib. to fade

Ooh.

2°:
I tried to find her
'Cause I can't resist her
I never knew just how much I miss her
Sorrow, sorrow.

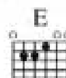
With your long blond hair
And your eyes of blue
The only thing I ever got from you
Was sorrow, sorrow.

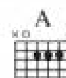
Rebel Rebel

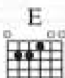
Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩= 128

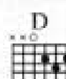


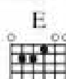


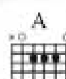


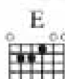


(Tacet 1°) Do do do do do do do do.



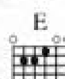


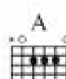


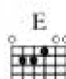


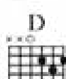


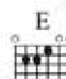
Do do do do

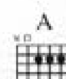


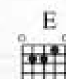












do do do do.

D E A E D

1. You got your Moth-er in a whirl, she's not sure if you're a
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

E A E D E A E

boy or a girl. Hey babe, your hair's al - right.

D E A E D

Hey babe, let's go out to - night. You like me and I

E A E D E A E

like it all. We like dan-cing and we look di - vine.

D E A E D

You love bands when they play it hard. You want more and you

E A E A D

want it fast. They put you down, they say I'm wrong.

Bm E D

You tack - y thing, you put them on. Reb - el reb - el, you've

E A E D E A E

torn your dress. Reb - el reb - el your face is a mess.

D E A E D

Reb - el reb - el, how could they know? Hot tramp, I

E D E A E

love you so. Don't ya.

D E A E D

Do do do do

E A E 1. D E A E

do do do do.

2.

D E A E D

Do do do do do do do do.

Reb - el reb - el, you've

E A E D E A E

torn your dress.

Reb - el reb - el, your face is a mess.

D E A E D

Reb - el reb - el, how could they know?

Hot tramp, I

E D E A E

love you so.

D E A E D

You've torn your dress,— your

E A E D E A E

face is a mess.— You can't get e-nough, but e - nough ain't the test.—You've got your

D E A E D

trans - mis- sion and a live wire.— You've got your cue lines and a

E A E D E A E

hand- ful of ludes.— You wan - na be there when they count up the dudes.— And I

D E A E D

love your dress. You're a ju - ven - ile suc - cess,

E A E D E A E

be-cause your face is a mess. So

D E A E D

how could they know, I said how could they know?

E A E D E A E

So what-cha wan - na know Ca - la - mi - ty's child? chi-child,

D E A E D

chi-child, Oh where d'ya wan - na go? What can I do for you? Looks like I

E A E D E A E

been there too be - cause you've torn your dress and your

D E A E

face is a mess. Oo, your

D E A E

face is a mess. Ooh, ooh, so

D E A E

how could they know?

D E A E

How could they know?

D E A E D

Do do do do do do do do.

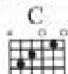
Verse 2:
You got your mother in a whirl
'Cause she's not sure if you're a boy or a girl
Hey babe, your hair's alright
Hey babe, let's stay out tonight
You like me and I like it all.
We like dancing and we look divine
You love bands when they play it hard
You want more and you want it fast.

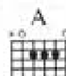
They put you down, they say I'm wrong
You tacky thing, you put them on
Rebel rebel, you've torn your dress
Rebel rebel, your face is a mess
Rebel rebel, how could they know?
Hot tramp I love you so.

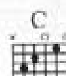
Diamond Dogs

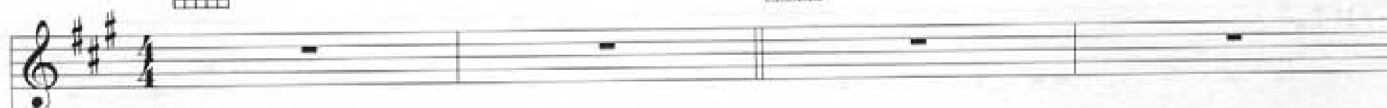
Words & Music by David Bowie.
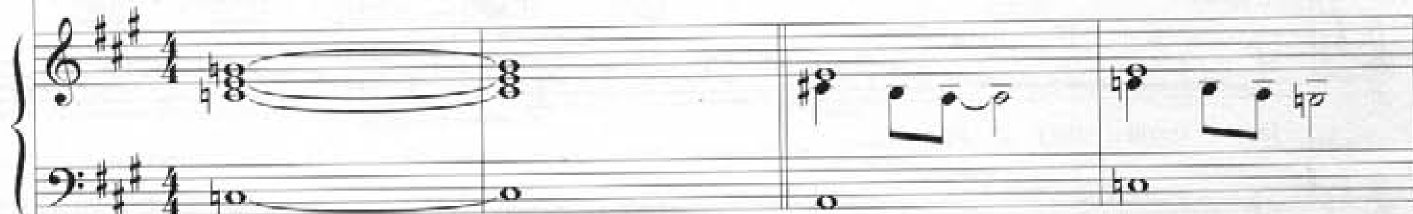
♩= 116

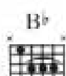


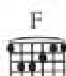


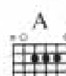




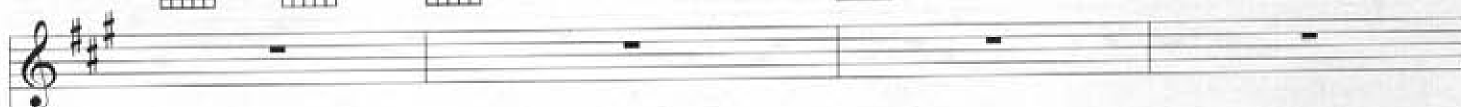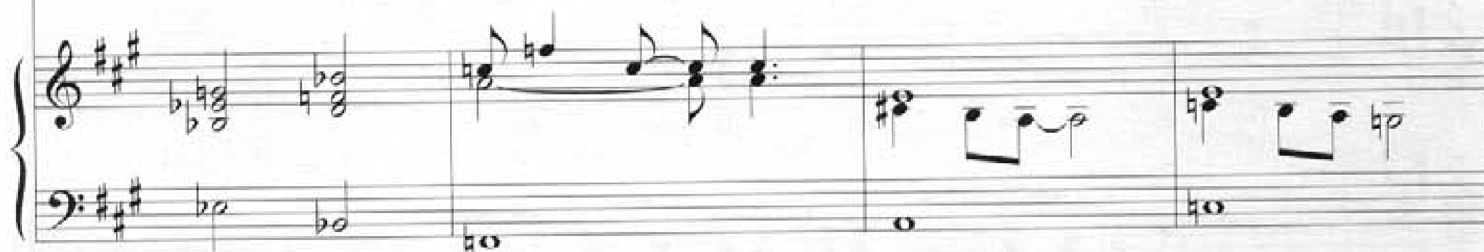


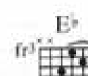





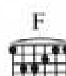


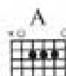


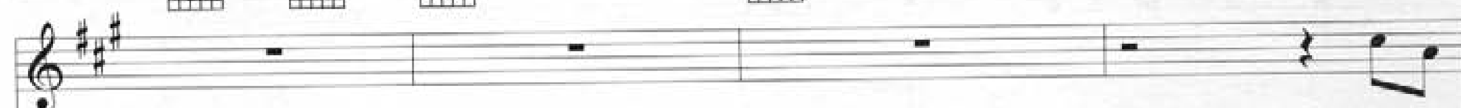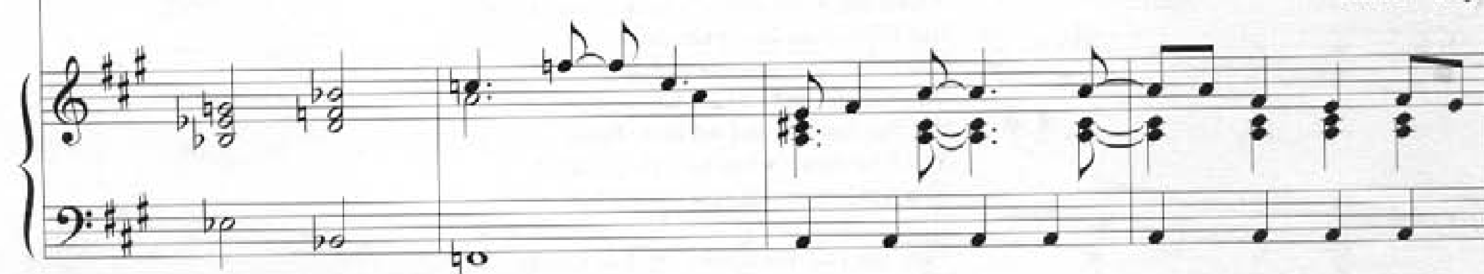














A E

pulled you out of the ox - - y - gen tent you asked for the la - test par -

(Verse 2 see block lyric)

D

- ty. With your si - li - cone hump and your ten inch stump.

A

dressed like a priest you was, Tod Brown-ing's freak you was. Crawl-ing down the al- ley on your

(𝄋 see block lyric)

E

hands and knee, I'm sure you're not pro- tect - ed for it's plain to see the

D A

dia-mond dogs are poach-ers and they hide be-hind trees. Hunt you to the ground they will,

E

man-ne-quins with kill ap-peal. I'll keep a friend se-rene.

(Will they come?) (Will they come?)

G A

Oh ba-by, come un-to me. Well she's

(Will they come?)

D

come, been and gone. Come out of the gar-den ba-by,

A B

you'll catch your death in the fog. Young girl, they

D A B

call them the dia - mond dogs. Young girl, they

D A

1.

call them the dia - mond dogs. 2. The

2, 3.

E

Ooh ooh ooh ooh! Call them the dia - mond dogs.

A E

Ooh ooh ooh ooh! Call

To Coda 𝄌 D

them the dia - mond dogs. Oh,

A C E♭ B♭

ooh!

F A C E♭ B♭

gliss.

Aah ooh!

F A *D.S. al Coda*

Ooh ooh! 3. In the

Coda A E

Bow wow, woof woof, bow bow, wow. Call

them the dia - mond dogs. A Dogs!

E A

Call them the dia - mond dogs. Call

E

them_ the, call them. Call_ them the dia - mond dogs.

A E

Call_ them, call them. Call_

D

them the dia - mond dogs._ Keep cool.

A C E♭ B♭

Spoken: Diamond dogs rule O.K.

F A C

Eb Bb F A

Hey, hey, hey, hey.

Repeat ad lib. to fade

Be - ware of the dia - mond dogs.

Verse 2:
Now Halloween Jack is a real cool cat
And he lives on top of Manhattan Chase
The elevators broke so he slides down a rope
Onto the street below, oh Tarzie go man, go.
Meet his little hussy with his ghost town approach
Her face is sans feature but she wears a Dali brooch
Sweetly reminiscent, something Mother used to bake
Wrecked up and paralyzed, diamond dogs are sableized.

(Will they come?) *etc.*

On 𝄋*:*
In the year of the scavenger, the season of the bitch
Sashay on the broadwalk, scurry to the ditch
Just another future song, lonely little kitsch
(There's gonna be sorrow) try and wake up tomorrow.

(Will they come?) *etc.*

Young Americans

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩= 84

C Dm7

Saxophone

F G11 G

C Dm7

F G11 G

C Dm7

1. They pulled in just be-hind the bridge. He lays her down, he frowns

F G11 G

"Gee my life's a fun - ny thing, am I still too young?"

C Dm7

2. He kissed her then and there, she took his ring, took his ba - bies. It
(Verse 3 see block lyric)

F G11 G

took him min - utes, took her no - where, heav-en knows she'd have ta - ken a - ny-thing.

F6 G

(All night) She wants the young A - me - ri - can.
(He)

C Dm7

(Young A - me - ri - can, young A - me - ri - can, she wants the young A - me - ri - can.
(he)

1.

F G11 G

All right) But she wants the young A - me - ri - can.

2.

G11 G Am G F G

right) but he wants the young A - me - ri - can.

Am G F G Am Em

Do you re - mem - ber

C G Am Em

your Pre - si - dent Nix - on? Do you re - mem - ber the

F6/9 E7 N.C.

bills you have to pay, or ev - en yes - ter - day?

Drums

D Em7

4. You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hus - tler. A pimp's got a Ca- di and a la-dy got a Chry- sler.

G A11 A

Black's got re- spect and whites's got a soul_ train. Ma-ma's got cramps and look at your hands_ ache.

D Em7

5. (I heard the news_ to- day_ oh boy) I got a suite and you got de - feat._

G A11 A

Ain't there a man_ who can say no more?_ And ain't there a wo-man I can sock on the jaw?_ 6. And

D

Em7

ain't there a child I can hold with-out judg - ing? And ain't there a pen that will write be-fore they die?

G

Free time

A11

Ain't you proud that you've still got fa - ces? Ain't there one damn song that can

make me break down and cry?

Drums

a tempo

G

A11

A

All night I want the young A - mer - ri - can.

D Em7

(- can.) (Young A - me - ri - can, young A - me - ri - can, I want the young A - me - ri - can.

G A11 A

Repeat ad lib. to fade

All ______ right) I want the young A - me - ri - can, young A - me - ri -

Verse 3:
All the way from Washington
Her bread-winner begs off the bathroom floor
"We live for just these twenty years
Do we have to die for the fifty more?"

All night *etc.*

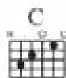
TVC 15

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩= 108

N.C.

C



Oh oh oh

C7

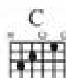


F7



oh oh. Oh oh oh oh oh.

C



Oh oh oh oh oh. Ooh.

R.H.

𝄋 C

1. Up ev - 'ry ev - 'ning 'bout half eight or nine, I give my
(Verse 4 see block lyric)

com-plete at - ten-tion to a ve-ry good friend of mine. He's quad-ro-pho-nic he's a,

F7 Fm7

he's got more chan-nels. So ho - lo-gram-ic, oh my T V C one five.

C

2. I brought my ba - by home she, she sat a-round for-lorn. She saw my T V C one
(Verse 3 & 𝄋 see block lyrics)

five, ba - by's gone. She, she crawled right in my, my, my,

F7 Fm7

she crawled right in my, so ho - lo - gram - ic, oh my T V C one five.

E 1, 2 G

Oh, so de - mon - ic, oh my T V C one five.

3. G F9

T V C one five. Tran - - - si - tion.

gliss.

A

Trans - mis - sion. Tran - si - tion.

Trans - mis - sion.

C D C

Oh my T V C one five, oh, oh, T V C one five.

D

Oh my T V C one five, oh, oh

C

T V C one five. Oh my T V C one five,

D C

oh, oh, T V C one five. Oh my T V C one five,

D C

D.S. and fade on chorus

oh, oh, T V C one five.

Verse 3:
Maybe if I pray every
Each night I sit there pleading
"Send back my dream test baby
She's my main feature"
My TVC one five he
He just stares back unblinking
So hologramic, oh my TVC one five.

One of these nights *etc.*

Verse 4 & 𝄋:
One of these nights I may just
Jump down that rainbow way
Be with my baby, then
We'll spend some time together
So hologramic, oh my TVC one five
My baby's in there someplace
Love's rating in the sky
So hologramic, oh my TVC one five.

Transition *etc.*

Fame

Words & Music by David Bowie, John Lennon & Carlos Alomar.

♩= 96

Fm7 Cm

B♭

F7

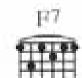
1. Fame makes a man take things ov - er. Fame lets him

(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyrics)

loose, hard to swal-low. Fame puts you there where things are hol - low.



Fame. It's not your brain, it's
Fame.

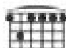


To Coda ⊕

just the flame that burns your change to keep you in - sane.

Fame.

Fm7



Cm



B♭



F7



Do be da be da de. Do be da be.

Do be da be. Do be da de.

D.S. al Coda

Do be da be da da. Do be da de.___ Do be da de. Do be da de.

𝄌 *Coda*



Fame.

Fame,___ fame,___ fame,___ fame,___ fame,___ fame, fame,

fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame.

Repeat to fade

Fame, what's your name?

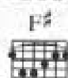
Verse 2:
Fame, what you like is in the limo
Fame, what you get is no tomorrow
Fame, what you need you have to borrow
Fame.
Fame, "Mine, it's mine!" is just his line
To bind your time, it drives you to crime
Fame.

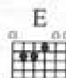
Verse 3:
Is it any wonder I reject you first?
Fame, fame, fame, fame
Is it any wonder you're too cool to fool?
Fame.
Fame, bully for you, chilly for me
Gotta get a raincheck on pain
Fame.

Golden Years

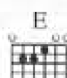
Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩= 108

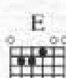




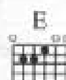






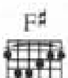


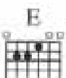




F♯ E F♯ E

Gold - en years, gold, whop, whop, whop.





F♯ E F♯ E

Gold - en years, gold, whop, whop, whop.

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E

Gold - en years, — gold, — whop, whop, whop.

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E

Don't let me hear you say life's tak - ing you no - where, — an - gel. —

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E

Come get up my ba-by. Look at that sky, life's be- gun. Nights are warm and the days are

F♯ E F♯ E 𝄋 D Bm7

young. — Come get up my ba-by. There's my ba - by, lost that's all.

D Bm7 F♯ E

Once I'm beg-ging you save her___ lit-tle soul.___

Gold - en years,___

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E

gold,_____________ whop, whop, whop. Come get up my ba-by.

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E

Last night they loved you, op-en-ing doors and pull-ing some_strings, an - gel.

(𝄋 see block lyric)

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E

Come get up my ba-by. In walked luck and you looked in time. Ne-ver look back, walk tall,__ act

F♯ E F♯ E D Bm7

fine. Come get up my ba - by. I'll stick with you ba - by for a

D Bm7 G C Am C♯dim

thou - sand years. No-thing's gon - na touch you in these gold - en years.

Bm Em N.C. *To Coda* ⊕ F♯ E

Gold. Gold - en years,

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E

gold, whop, whop, whop. Come get up my ba - by.

F♯ E F♯ E

Some of these days and it won't be long. Gon-na drive back down where you once be-longed in the

F♯ E F♯ E

back of a dream car, twen-ty foot long. Don't cry my sweet don't break my heart.

F♯ E F♯ E

Do-ing al-right but you got-ta get smart. Wish up-on, wish up-on, day up-on day. I'll be-

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E

-lieve oh Lord, I'll be-lieve all the way. Run for the sha-dows.—

Come get up my ba-by.

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E *D.S. al Coda*

Run for the sha - dows. Run for the sha - dows in these gold - en years.

Coda

Repeat ad lib. to fade

F♯ E F♯ E F♯ E

Gold - en years, gold, whop, whop, whop.

%:
Don't let me hear you say life's taking you nowhere, angel
Come get up my baby.
Run for the shadows, run for the shadows
Run for the shadows in these golden years
I'll stick with you baby for a thousand years
Nothing's gonna touch you in these golden years
Gold.

Golden years *etc.*

Wild Is The Wind

Words by Ned Washington.
Music by Dimitri Tiomkin.

♩= 96

Am Am/G F Dm7 G7sus4 G E

Am Dm7

1. Love me, love me, love me, love me, say you do.

Am

Let me fly

Dm7 F/G G

a - way with you. For

F/G G D add9

my love is like the wind,

Am E

and wild___ is the wind.___ Wild___ is the wind.

𝄋

Am Dm7

2. Give me more___ than one___ ca-

(Verse 3 & 𝄋 see block lyric)

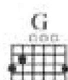
Am

-ress. Sa - tis - fy___ this___

Dm7 F/G G

___ hun - - - gri - ness.___ Let the

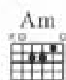


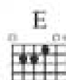


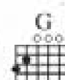


To Coda ⊕

wind blow through your heart,





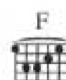


Oh wild is the wind. Wild is the wind.





You touch me.



I hear the sound

Dm7 E

of man - do- lins. You

kiss me,

Am Am/G

with your kiss my life be - gins.

F G

You're Spring to me,

Free time

F Em Dm7 N.C.

all things to me. Don't you know you're life it-

1. a tempo 2. a tempo D.S. al Coda

-self. -self.

Drums *Drums*

⊕ *Coda*

Em Am

And wild is

Am/G

the wind. Wild is the wind.

F

Wild ___ is ___ the wind.

Dm7 G7sus4

___ Wild ___ is ___ the wind. ___

G E

Repeat ad lib. to fade

Wild. ___

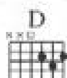
Verse 3 & 𝄋:
Like the leaf clings to the tree
Oh, my darling cling to me
For we're like creatures of the wind
Wild is the wind
Wild is the wind.

You touch me *etc.*

Boys Keep Swinging

Words & Music by David Bowie & Brian Eno.

♩. = 120



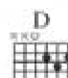
Hea- ven loves ya.



The clouds part for ya.



No- thing stands in the way when you're a boy.



E7 B♭

Clothes al - ways fit ya. Life is a pop of the cher -

D

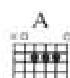
- ry when you're a boy. (When you're a boy.)

A D A

You can wear a un - i-form. (When you're a boy.) Oth - er boys

D G

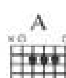
check you out. (You get a girl.) These are your fav - 'rite things. (When you're a boy.)









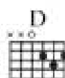




(Boys)

(Boys)

(Boys keep swing-ing,



boys al - ways— work it out.)— Un-cage the col-ours,

*(Gtr. solo on **D.𝄋.**)*

E7 B♭

un - furl the flag. Luck just kissed you "hel - lo,"

D

when you're a boy.

E7 B♭

They'll ne - ver clone ya. You're al - ways first on the line

D

when you're a boy. (When you're a boy.).

A D

You can buy a home of your own. (When you're a boy.)

A D

Learn to drive and ev - 'ry - thing. (You'll get your share

G A

when you're a boy.)

D.S. to fade

Sound And Vision

Words & Music by David Bowie.

G

Am

D

G

G

Am

Ped.

G

Aah

Am

Ped.

G

Aah

C6 G C6 G

C6 G C6 G

Do do do do___ do do do do do do do___ do do do___

do.___

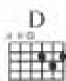
Am

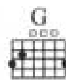
D Em G

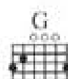
Don't you won - der some - times___

Am

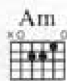
'bout sound and vi - sion?___

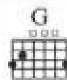






Blue, blue, e-lec-tric blue, that's the col-our of my room





where I will live. Blue, blue,

pale blinds drawn all day, no-thing to read, no-thing to say.

Am G

Blue, blue.

C6 G C6 G

I will sit right down, wait-ing for the gift of sound and

C6 G

vi - sion. And I will sing,

C6 G

wait-ing for the gift of sound and vi - sion. Drift - ing in -

Am D Em

-to my so-li-tude, ov-er my head. Don't you won-der some-times

G

'bout sound and

Am D

vi-sion?

G

Repeat to fade

"Heroes"

Words by David Bowie.
Music by David Bowie & Brian Eno.

♩= 116

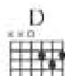
D

Guitar

G

D

G



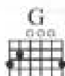


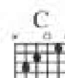
1. I, I wish you could swim,

(Verse 2 see block lyric)

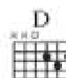


like the dol - phins, like dol-phins can swim.





Though no-thing,



no - thing will keep us to - geth - er. We can

Am Em D

beat them for ev - er and ev - er.

C G

Oh we can be he - roes just for one day.

D

1. 2.

G

I, I can re - mem - ber (I re - mem -

D

- ber) stand - ing by the wall.

G D

(By the wall) And the guns

G

shot a - bove our heads. (Ov - er our heads) And we kissed

D G

as though no - thing could fall. (No - thing could fall

C

And the shame — was on the

D Am

oth - er side. Oh we can beat — them

Em D

for ev - er and ev - er,

C

then we could be he - roes

G D

just for one day.

D

We can be he -

G

Repeat to fade

- roes.

Verse 2:
I, I will be King
And you, you will be Queen
Though nothing will drive them away
We can be heroes, just for one day
We can be us, just for one day.

Under Pressure

Words & Music by David Bowie, Freddie Mercury, Roger Taylor, John Deacon & Brian May.

♩ = 120

N.C.

Boom boom bah bah, boom boom bah bay, b - b - boom bah bay bay,

D A/D

Pres - sure push - ing down on me, press - ing

G/D A/D D

down on you no man ask for. Un - der pres - sure that burns a

A/C♯ G/B A G/A

build - ing down, splits a fam - 'ly in two, puts peo - ple on streets.

D A/C♯ Dsus4/B

Boom bah bah bay, boom bah bah bay, do day dah, do day dah.

A Gadd9

That's O. K. That's the ter - ror of know - ing what this world is a - bout.

A/G G

Watch - ing some good friends scream - ing "Let me out!" Pray to - mor - row_ takes me

A/G G D/F♯ G A

high - er, pres - sure on peo - ple, peo - ple on streets.

N.C. D

Do do do. Ba da ba ba ba. O. K._

D A/D

Chip - ping a- round, kick my brains on the

G/D A/D D

floor. These are the days it nev - er rains but it pours.

A/C♯ G/B A G/A D

Vocals ad lib.

Peo - ple on streets,

A/C♯ Dsus4/B A

(Vocals ad lib.)

peo - ple on streets. It's the

Gadd9



ter - ror of know - ing what this world is a - bout,

A/G



G

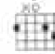


watch - ing some good friends scream - ing "Let me out!" Pray to - mor - row, take me

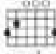
A/G



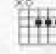
D/F♯



G



A



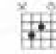
high high - er.

Pres - sure on peo - ple, peo - ple on streets.

G



C



Turned a - way from it all like a blind man,

G C G

sat on a fence but it don't work. Keep com - ing up with love but it's so

C Am F

slashed and torn, why. Why, Why?

A

Love, love, love, love. In -

G D

-san - i - ty laughs, un - der pres - sure we're crack - ing, can't we give our - selves one more

G A G D G A G

chance? Why can't we give love one more chance? Why can't we

D G A G D A/C♯

give love, give love, give love, give love, give love, give love, give love, give love. 'Cause

G/B A D A/C♯

love's such an old fash - ioned word and love dares you to

Gadd9/B A D A/C♯ Gadd9/B

care for the peo - ple on the edge of the night and love dares you to

A A7/G Gsus2 A7/G Gsus2 A7/G Gsus2

change our way of car - ing a - bout our - selves this is our

A7/G Gsus2 D/F♯ G A D

last dance. This is our - selves. Un - der pres - sure.

G/D A/D

Un - der pres - sure.

D G A

Repeat to fade

Pres - sure.

Click

Ashes To Ashes

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩= 120

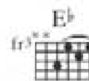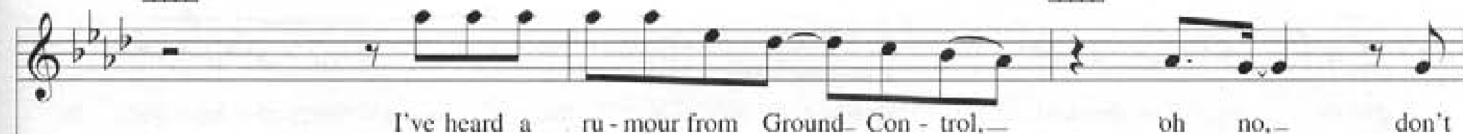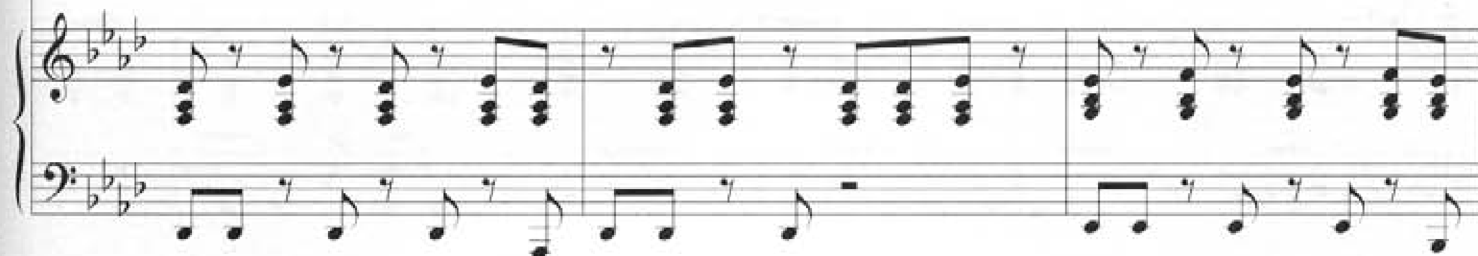
B♭m7 A♭ E♭m B♭m7
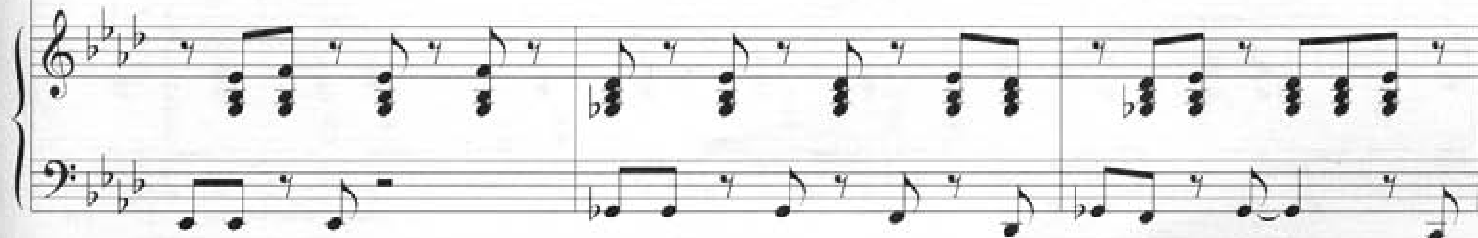
1, 2. A♭ E♭m 3. 𝄋 A♭

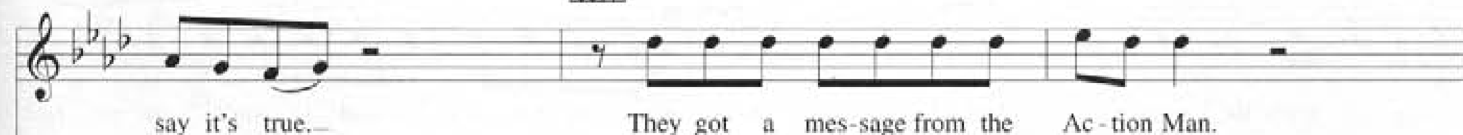
1. Do you re -
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

Fm7
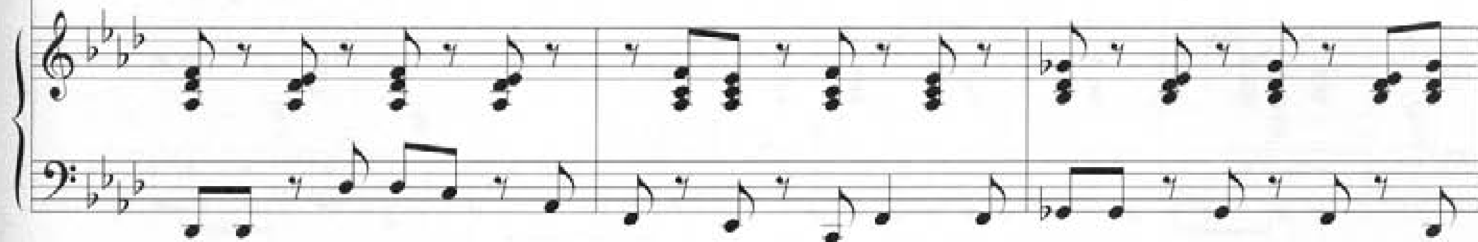
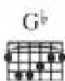
- mem-ber a guy — that's been — in such an ear - ly song? —
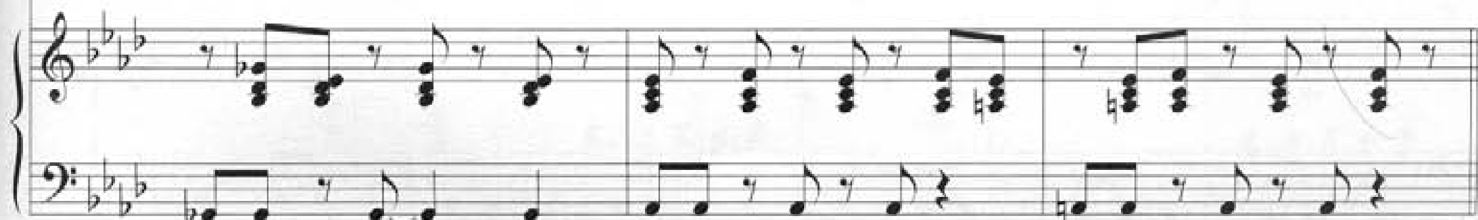

D♭

E♭
fr3

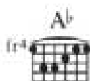
I've heard a ru - mour from Ground Con - trol, oh no, don't

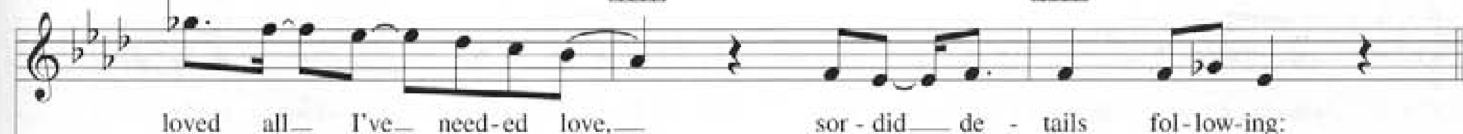

G♭

say it's true. They got a mes - sage from the Ac - tion Man.


D♭

Fm7

G♭

I'm hap - py, hope you're hap - py too. I've


A♭
fr4

F7/A

loved all I've need - ed love, sor - did de - tails fol - low - ing:


B♭ F

The shriek-ing of no-thing is kill-ing just, pic-tures of Jap girls in

A♭

syn-the-sis. And I ain't got no mo-ney and I ain't got no hair.

E♭ G♭

But I'm hop-ing to kick but the pla-net is

D♭ Fm G♭ A♭

glow-ing. *(echo)* Ash-es to ash-es funk to fun-ky.

D♭ B♭m G♭ A♭

We know Ma - jor Tom's a jun - ky. Strung out in hea-vens high hit-ting an

B♭m7 A♭ E♭m

To Coda ⊕

all time low.

1, 2. B♭m7 A♭ E♭m 3. E♭m

D.S. al Coda

⊕ *Coda* B♭m7 A♭ E♭m B♭m7

My ma-ma said, to get things done, you'd

A♭ E♭m B♭m7

bet - ter not mess with Ma - jor Tom. My ma - ma said, to

A♭ E♭m B♭m7

get things done, you'd bet - ter not mess with Ma - jor Tom.

A♭ E♭m B♭m7 A♭

Repeat ad lib. to fade

My ma-ma said, to get things done, you'd bet-ter not mess with Ma - jor Tom.

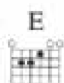
Verse 2:
Time and again I tell myself
I'll stay clean tonight
But the little green wheels are following me
Oh no, not again
I'm stuck with a valuable friend
I'm happy, hope you're happy too
One flash of light but no smoking pistol
I've never done good things
I've never done bad things
I never did anything out of the blue
Want an axe to break the ice
Want to come down right now.

Ashes to ashes
Funk to funky *etc.*

Scary Monsters (& Super Creeps)

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩ = 144

E

D

E


D

A


1. She had an

E D E

(1.) hor - ror of rooms, she was tired,_ you can't hide beat.
(2.) asked me__ to stay__ and I__ stole her room.

D

When I looked in her eyes_ they were blue but no - bo - dy home._
She asked__ for my love_ and I gave__ her a dan - ger - ous

E

Well she could - 've been a kil - ler if she
mind. Now she's stu - pid in the street and she

D E

did - n't walk the way she do,__ and she do.__ She
can't so - cial - ise. Well I love_

D E

op - ened strange doors that we'd never close a - gain.
the lit - tle girl and I'll love her till the day she dies.

D

She be - gan to wail, jea - lous - ies scream,
She wails, Jim - my's gui - tar sound, jea - lous - ies scream,

C G D E

wait - ing at the light, know what I mean?
wait - ing at the light, know what I mean?

B

Sca - ry mon - sters,

su - per creeps, keep me run - ning,

To Coda Φ

A E B

run - ning scared. Sca - ry mon - sters,

su - per creeps, keep me run - ning, run - ning scared. 2. She scared.

A 1. E 2. E

D



E



D.S. al Coda

Solo ad lib.

Coda

D



B



Solo ad lib.

E



ad lib.

A



Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

D



B



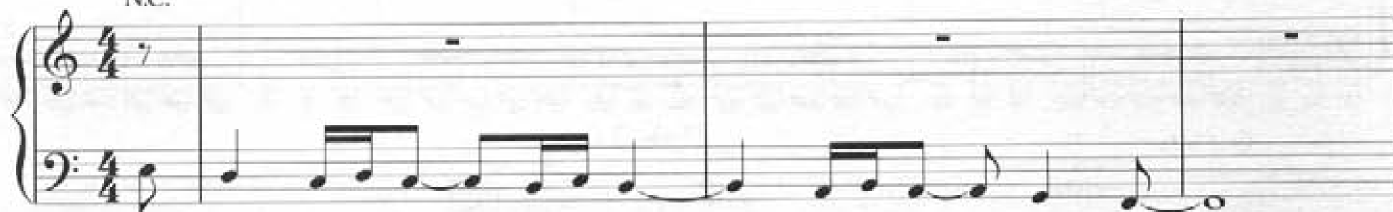
Repeat to fade
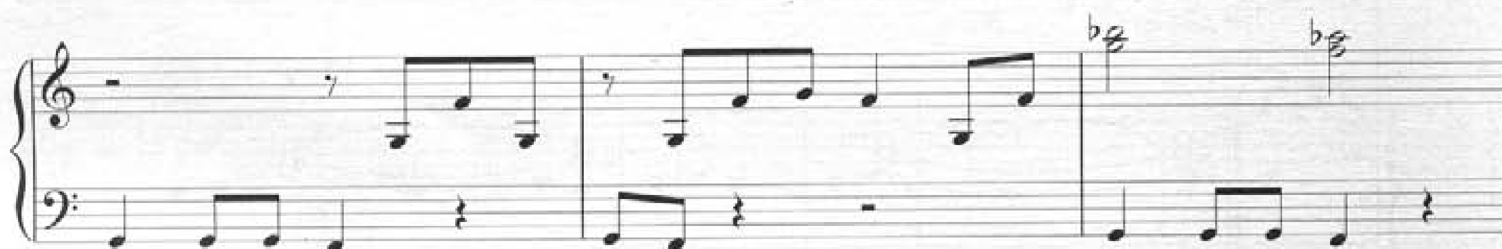
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
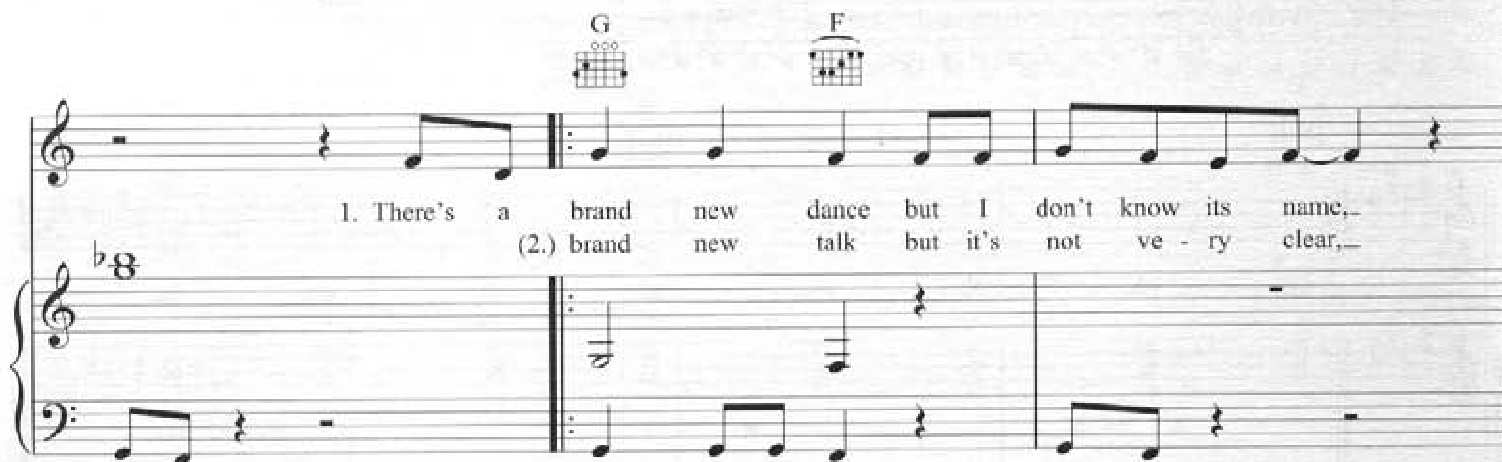
Fashion
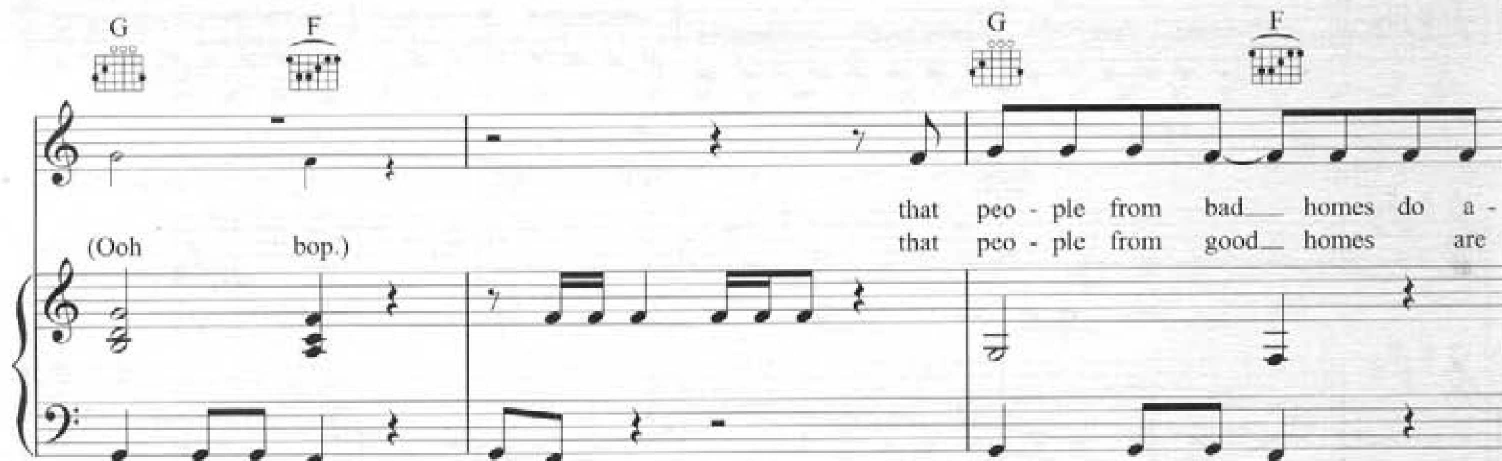
Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩ = 114









Gm Fm N.C.

-gain and a - gain. It's
talk - ing this year. (Ooh bop! Fash - ion!) It's

G F N.C. G F

big and it's bland full of ten - sion and fear.
love and it's taste - less and I've heard it be - fore. (Ooh bop!)

N.C. G F N.C.

They do it ov - er there but we don't do it here.
You shout it while you're danc-ing on the dance - floor.

Gm Fm N.C. B♭ A♭ N.C.

Fash - ion! Turn to the left.
(Ooh bop! Fash - ion!)

B♭ A♭ N.C. B♭ A♭ N.C. B♭ A♭ N.C.

Fash - ion! Turn to the right. Ooh, fash - ion!

2° Fashion

1° only

B♭ A♭ N.C. B♭ A♭ N.C. B♭ A♭ N.C.

We are the goon squad and we're com - ing to town, beep beep!

B♭ A♭ N.C. G F N.C. G F

Beep, beep!

ad lib.

N.C. Dm C

Lis - ten to me, don't lis - ten to me, talk to me, don't talk to me,

Dm F C

dance with me,_ don't dance with me, no. Beep, beep.

1. F 2. F G F

2. There's a Beep, beep! Ooh bop!

N.C. G F 1, 3. N.C.

Do do do do do do do do. Fa - fa - fa - fa - fash - ion

2, 4. N.C. G F N.C. *Repeat to fade*

fash - ion! La la la la la la la la.

Let's Dance

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩ = 118

E♭ E♭7

Ah, ah, ah, ah.

B♭sus4 E♭7

G♭6 B♭m

1. Let's



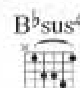


dance, put on your red shoes and dance the blues.
(2.) dance, for fear_ your grace_ should fall._



Let's dance to the song they're play - ing on the
Let's dance for fear_ to - night_ is all.





ra - di - o. Let's sway, while
Let's sway, you could



co - lour lights_ up your face. Let's
look in - to_ my eyes. Let's

G♭6 3fr

B♭m

sway, sway_ through the crowd_ to an emp - ty space._

sway, un - der the moon - light, the se - ri - ous moon - light.

A♭ 4fr

D♭ 4fr

E♭ 6fr

(And) If you say run, I'll run with you.

D♭ 4fr

E♭ 6fr

A♭ 4fr

D♭/E♭ 6fr

E♭ 6fr

(And) If you say hide, we'll hide.

D♭/E♭ 6fr

E♭ 6fr

A♭ 4fr

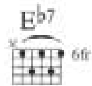
Fm

Be - cause my love for you would break_





— my heart— in two.— If you should fall—

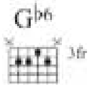


1.

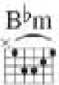


in - to my arms (and) trem - ble like a flow - - er.—

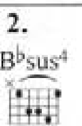




Let's dance.



2.



Let's flow - er.—

E♭7 N.C. G♭6 N.C. B♭m

N.C. B♭sus4

1. Let's dance put on your red shoes and
(2° Instrumental)
(3.) sway put on your red shoes and

E♭7 G♭6

dance the blues._ Let's sway,
dance the blues._ Let's sway.

B♭m

Repeat to fade

un - der the moon - light. The se - ri - ous moon - light.
Let's dance, let's dance, let's dance, let's dance. 3. Lets

This Is Not America

Words & Music by David Bowie, Pat Metheny & Lyle Mays.

♩ = 114

Gm  Dm/F  E♭maj7  Dm/F 

This is not A - me - ri - ca, sha - la - la - la-
(2° only)

Gm7  Dm/F  E♭maj7  Dm/F 

-la. Lit - tle piece_ of you,_ the lit - tle peace_ in me will_

Gm  Dm/F  E♭maj7  Dm/F 

_ die, for this is not A - me - ri - ca.

Gm Dm/F E♭maj7 Dm/F Gm

Blos - som fails_ to bloom_ this sea - son pro - mise not to___ stare_ too___ long,

Dm/F Em7♭5 Am7 B♭maj7 Gm7

for this is not the mi - ra - cle.__ There_ was a time,__ a

E♭maj7 Cm7 Dm

storm that blew so_____ pure,___ for this could be the big - gest sky,_ and

Dm7 Em7♭5 E♭maj7

I could have the_ faint - est i - dea,_ for this is not A - me - ri - ca,

Dm7  Gm  Dm/F  E♭m7♭5  Dm/F 

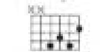
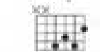
sha-la-la-la-la, sha-la-la-la - la, sha-la-la-la-la.

G♯m  D♯m/F♯  Emaj7  D♯m/F♯ 

This is not A - me - ri - ca, no,__ this is not sha - la - la - la-

G♯m  D♯m/F♯  Emaj7  D♯m/F♯ 

- la. snow - man_ melt - ing from the in - side,_ fal - con_ spi - rals_ to__ the__

G♯m  D♯m/F♯  Emaj7  D♯m/F♯ 

__ ground,_ so__ blood - y red to - mor - row's_ clouds,

G♯m D♯m/F♯ Emaj7 D♯m/F♯

a lit-tle piece_ of you, the lit-tle peace_ in me_ will_

G♯m D♯m/F♯ E♯m7♭5 A♯m7

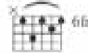
_ die, for this is not A - me - ri - ca.

Bmaj7 G♯m Emaj7 C♯m7

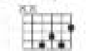
There_ was a time,_ a wind that blew so_ young,

D♯m7

for this could be the big - gest_ sky,_ and I could have the_ faint-est i - dea,_

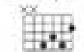
E♯m7♭5sus4  E♯m7♭5  Emaj7  D♯m7 

— but this is not A - me - ri - ca.

G♯m  D♯m/F♯  Emaj7  D♯m/F♯ 

Sha - la - la - la - la, sha - la - la - la - la, sha - la - la - la - la.

(1° only)

G♯m  D♯m/F♯  Emaj7  D♯m/F♯ 

This is not A - me - ri - ca, no, — this is not, sha - la - la - la,

G♯m D♯m/F♯ Emaj7 D♯m/F♯ *Repeat ad lib. to fade*

this is not A - me - ri - ca, no, — this is not.

China Girl

Words & Music by David Bowie & Iggy Pop.

♩ = 136

N.C.

G

(Oh, oh, oh,

Am

G

oh, lit - tle Chi - na Girl.

Am

Oh, oh, oh, oh, lit - tle Chi - na

G Am

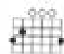
Girl.) I could es - cape this feel - ing with my Chi - na Girl.

G

I feel a wreck with - out my

Am Em

lit - tle Chi - na Girl. I hear her

G


heart beat - ing loud as thun - der.

Am

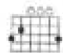

B


Saw these stars crash - ing.

G


Am


I'm a mess with - out my lit - tle Chi - na Girl.

G


Am


Wake up in the morn - ing; where's my lit - tle Chi - na Girl?

Em



G



I hear our hearts beat - ing loud as thun - der.

Am

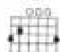


B



I saw these stars crash - ing down.

G



Fdim



I feel tra - gic like I'm Mar - lon Bran - do

Em



D



when I look at my Chi - na Girl.

G

Fdim

And I could pre - tend___ no - thing real - ly___ meant___

Em

too much___ when I___ look at___ my Chi - na Girl___

D

Em

8vb

D

D/C♯

C

B Em

I stum - ble in - to town

8vb

D D/C♯ C

just like a sac - red cow, vis - ions of swa - sti - ka's in my head,

B Em

plans for ev - 'ry - one. It's in the white of my

8vb

D D/C♯ C

eyes.

B Em

My lit - tle Chi - na Girl,

8vb

D D/C♯ C

you should - n't mess with me; I'll ru - in ev - 'ry - thing you are.

B Em

You know, I'll give you te - le - vi - sion,

8vb

D D/C♯ C

I'll give you eyes of blue; I'll give you a man who wants to rule

B G

__ the world. And when I get__ ex - cit - ed,

8vb

Fdim Em

my lit - tle Chi - na Girl says "Oh ba - by, just you shut_ your mouth!"_

D Em

__ She says "Ssh."__

(2 & 3° Instrumental)

8vb

D D/C♯ C

She says "Ssh."__

B

1. 2. 3.

She says

8vb

G

Fdim

And when I get___ ex - ci - ted, my lit - tle Chi-

Em

- na Girl___ says "Oh ba - by, just___ you shut your

D

1. 2.

Em

mouth!" She says *(2° Instrumental)*

8vb

D D/C♯ C

"Ssh." She says.

(8)

B

1. 2.

8vb

G Am

(Oh, oh, oh, oh, lit - tle Chi - na

G Am

Repeat to fade

Girl. Oh, oh, oh, oh, lit - tle Chi - na

Modern Love

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩ = 180

Guitar (dampened strings)

add Drums

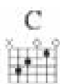
♩. = ♩

D/E Em D/C Dsus4/C

Spoken: I know when to go out. I know when to stay in,

D Dsus4 D/E Em

get things done.

C


1. I catch the pap - er - boy, but
2. There's no sign___ of life, it's

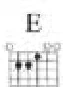
G


things don't real - ly change.___ I'm stand - ing in___ the wind,___
just the pow'r to charm.___ I'm ly - ing in___ the rain,___

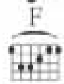
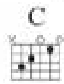
Am⁷

Am

E⁷

E


___ but I nev - er wave bye - bye.
___ but I nev - er wave bye - bye.

F

C


But I try, I

G Em7 Em

1.

try.

2.

C

Nev - er gon - na fall for (mod - ern love,)_ walks be - side_ me._

D7 D Em7 Em

(Mod - ern love,)_ walks on by._ (Mod - ern love,)_

Fmaj7 F

gets me to the church on time._

C D7 D

(Church on time,) ter - ri - fies me. (Church on time,)

Em7 Em

makes me par - ty. (Church on time,) puts my trust in

Fmaj7 F C

God and man. (God and man,)

D7 D

no con - fes - sion. (God and man,) no re - li - gion.

Em7 Em Fmaj7 F

(God and man,) don't be- lieve on mod - ern love.

D/E Em D/C Dsus4/C

D Dsus4 D/E Em

C

3. *Instrumental* 4. It's not real - ly work it's just the pow - er to

G Am7 Am

charm. Still stand - ing in the wind, but I nev - er wave bye -

E7 E F

bye. But I

C G

try, I try.

Em7 Em

1. 2.

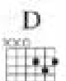
D.S. repeat Chorus to fade

Nev - er gon - na fall for

Blue Jean

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩ = 123

C  N.C. G  N.C. D 

1. Blue Jean, I just met a girl _ named Blue _ _ Jean. Blue Jean, she got a cam - ou - flage face and no mo-
2. One day, I'm gon - na write a po - em in a let - ter. One day, I'm gon - na get the fa - cul - ty to -

G 

1. - ney. Re - mem - ber, they al - ways let you down when you
2. - geth - er. Re - mem - ber, like ev - 'ry - bo - dy has to wait in

need 'em. Oh Blue Jean, is hea - ven a - ny sweet - er than Blue
line. Oh Blue Jean, look out world, ah you know I've got

D C N.C.

Jean? She got a po - lice bike.
mine. She got La - tin roots.

D C N.C. G N.C. A

She got a turned up nose. Some - times I feel like,
She got ev - 'ry - thing.

F♯m A

(oh, the whole hu - man race) jazz - in' for Blue Jean.

F#m A

(Oh. ___ and when my Blue Jean's blue)

F#m

Blue Jean can send me. (Oh, ___ some - bo - dy send me.)

A F#m

Some - bo - dy send me. (Oh, ___

To Coda 𝄌

1. C N.C. G N.C. 2. C N.C. G N.C.

___ some - bo - dy send me.)

G7omit3

D.S. al Coda

Some-times I feel like

𝄌 *Coda* A

F♯m

Some - bo - dy, some - bo - dy, (oh,

A

F♯m

some - bo - dy send me) some - bo - dy send me. (Oh,

C N.C. G N.C. C N.C. G/B E

some - bo - dy send me.)

Dancing In The Street

Words & Music by Marvin Gaye, Ivy Hunter & William Stevenson.

♩ = 130

B



Call - in' out a - round the world, are you rea - dy for a brand new beat?

Sum - mer's here and the time is right for

danc - ing in the street, they're danc - ing in Chi - ca - go,

down in New Or - leans, in New York Ci -

E

- ty. All we need is mu - sic, sweet mu -

- sic, there'll be mu - sic ev - 'ry- where. There'll be

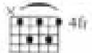
B7


swing - ing, sway - ing, re - cords play - ing, danc - ing in the street.___ Oh,_

D♯7


G♯m


it does - n't mat - ter what___ you wear just as long___ as you are there,_____ so come on,

C♯7


F♯7


ev - 'ry guy_ grab a girl,_ ev - 'ry - where____ a - round the world,__there'll be danc -

B


- ing,_ danc - ing in the street.___ It's an

in - vi - ta - tion a - cross the na - tion, a chance for folks to meet. There'll be

laugh - ing and sing - ing and mu - sic swing - ing, danc - ing in the street. Phi - la - del - phi - a, P. A.,

N.C.

Bal - ti - more and D. C. now, don't for - get the mo - tor

B

N.C.

ci - ty, on the streets of Bra - zil. Back in the U. S. S. R.,

don't mat-ter where you are. All we need is mu-

E

-sic, sweet mu - sic, there'll be mu-sic ev - 'ry where. There'll be

B7

swing-ing, sway-ing, re-cords play-ing, danc-ing in the street. Oh,

D#7 G#m

it does-n't mat-ter what you wear just as long as you are there,

C#7 4fr F#7

so come on, ev - 'ry guy, grab a girl, ev - 'ry - where a -

B

-round the world, they'll be danc - ing, danc - ing in the street,

B

lay down in L. A.
a - cross in Chi - na too,
don't you know they'll be danc -

Repeat ad lib. to fade

(for ever and a day,) danc - ing in the street,
(me and you,)
-ing.

Absolute Beginners

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩ = 114

D G/D D G/D

Ba - ba - ba ooh, ba - ba - ba

A Asus4 G/A A Asus4 G/A

ooh, ba - ba - ba ooh, ba - ba - ba

D G/D D G/D

ooh, ba - ba - ba ooh, ba - ba - ba

A Asus4 G/A A Asus4 G/A

ooh, ba - ba - ba ooh, ba - ba - ba

D Bm

ooh. I've no - thing much to of - fer,
No - thing much could hap - pen,

Amaj7 Edim/G F#7♭9

there's no - thing much to take,
no - thing we can't shake,

G D

I'm an ab - so - lute be - gin - ner,
well we're ab - so - lute be - gin - ners,

C Bm Em A

but I'm ab - so - lute - ly sane.
with no - thing much at stake.

D Bm7

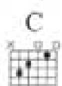
As long as we're to - ge - ther,
As long as you're still smil - ing,

Amaj7 Edim/G F♯7♭9

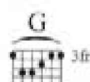
the rest can go to hell,
there's no - thing more I need,

G G6 D

I ab - so - lute - ly love you,
I ab - so - lute - ly love you,

C  Bm 

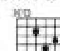
but we're ab - so - lute be - gin - ners.
but we're ab - so - lute be - gin - ners.

G 

With eyes com -
But if my love is

D  F♯ 

- plete - ly op - en,
your love,

A  Asus4/2  A 

but ner - vous all the same. If our
we're cer - tain to suc - ceed. If our

D G

love song could fly ov - er moun - tains,
love song could fly ov - er moun - tains,

Bm

could laugh at the o - cean,
could sail ov - er heart - aches,
just like the
just like the

F♯7 Asus4/2 A D

films, there's no rea - son
films, if there's rea - son

G

to feel all the hard times, to lay down the

Bm

1. A G/A

hard lines, it's ab - so - lute - ly true. Ba - ba - ba

2. A D

true.

G 3fr Bm

1, 3. F♯ Em7 A 2, 4. A

Repeat ad lib. to fade

Jump They Say

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩ = 134

C5 Bb/D C5 Bb/D

C5 Bb/D C5 Bb/D

C5 Bb/D C5

When comes the shak - ing man, a na - tion in his eyes.

B♭/D C5 B♭/D

Striped with blood and em - blazed tat - too.

C5 B♭/D C5 B♭/D

Streak - ing ca - th - dral spire they say, they say,

C5 B♭/D C5 B♭/D

they say; he has no brain. They say;

C5 B♭/D C5

he has no mood. They say; he was

B♭/D C5 B♭/D

born a - gain. They say; look at him climb. They say

Dm7 F5 Gm C5

"Jump!" They say

Dm7 F5 Gm C5

"Jump!"

C5 B♭/D C5 B♭/D

C5 B♭/D C5 B♭/D

They say;

C5 B♭/D C5 B♭/D

he has two gods. They say; he has no fear. They say;

C5 B♭/D C5 B♭/D

he has no eyes. They say; he has no mouth.

B♭ C B♭

They say, hey, that's real - ly some - thing, they feel he should get

C B♭ C

some time. I say he should watch his ass, my friend,

B♭ C *To Coda* 𝄌 Dm

don't lis - ten to the crowd, they say, "Jump!"

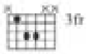
F5 Gm C5

They say, "Jump!"

Dm F5 Gm7 C5

(Watch out!)

C5

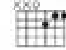


(Ad lib. solo)

(Watch out!)

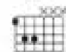
D.S. al Coda

Coda Dm7

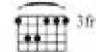


1.2. "Jump!"
3. "Jump!"

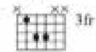
F5



Gm



C5



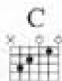
Repeat ad lib. to fade

Got to be - lieve some - bo - dy. They say
Got to be - lieve

Loving The Alien

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩ = 116

C


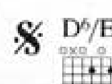
D/C


Bm/E


Em7


Bm7/E

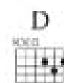

Em7


𝄋 D6/E


Em7


D6/E

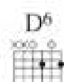

Em7


D


Baug


Em7


1. Watch - ing them come and go, the Temp - lars and the
tor - ture goes. Knights who'd give you
3. Think - ing of a diff - 'rent time: Pa - le - stine a
come and go, to - mo - rows and their

D6


Cmaj9


Sa - ra - cens. They're tra - vel - ling the Ho - ly Land,
an - y - thing, they bear the cross of Coeur de Le - on:
mod - ern prob - lem, bount - y and your wealth in land,
yes - ter - days, Chris - tians and the un - be - liev - ers

1.

D Baug

op - en - ing te - le - grams, oh ho.___ 2. Tor - ture comes and
sal - va - tion for the mir - ror blind, oh ho.__
ter - ror in a best - laid plan,__ oh ho.___ 4. Watch - ing them
hang - ing by the cross and nail,__ oh ho.__

2.

Baug Cm Bb

__ But if you pray all your sins are__ hooked up - on__

F/A Fm7 Dm

__ the sky.___ Pray and

Am Fm9 G N.C.

the heath - en life will dis - ap - pear.__

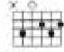
Tempo 1

C



Pray'rs

D/C



they hide the sad - dest view; be - liev - ing the strang -

E♭/C

- est things, loving the a -

D/C

- li - en. And your

C

pray'rs,

D/C

they break the sky in two; be - liev - ing the strang -

E♭/C

- est things, lov - ing the a -

D/C

To Coda

D6/9/E

D.S. al Coda

- li - en.

Coda

C

You'll pray till the break of

D/C

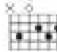

E♭/C


dawn. be - liev - ing the strang - est things,

D/C


lov - ing the a - li - en.___ And you'll be -

C


D/C


- lieve you're lov - ing the a - li - en,___

E♭/C


___ be - liev - ing the strang - est things,___ lov - ing the a -

D/C

C

- li - en.

D/C

be - liev - ing the strang -

E♭/C

- est things,

lov - ing the a -

D/C

E^{9}sus^4

- li - en.

Hallo Spaceboy

Words by David Bowie.
Music by David Bowie & Brian Eno.

♩ = 130

N.C.

Spoken: If I fall, moon dust will cover me.

Bm6

Gmaj7b5

2fr

Bm6

Gmaj$^{7\flat5}$ Gmaj^7 Em^6 F♯7omit3 Bm Bm$^{\flat5}$

1. Space - boy, you're
2. Ground to Maj -

Bm Bm$^{\flat5}$ Bm

sleep - y now. Your sil - hou - ette
- or: bye - bye Tom.

G G$^{(\flat5)}$ G G$^{(\flat5)}$

is so sta - tion - ar - y.
Death is suc - coured, count down from

G Bm Bm$^{\flat5}$ Bm

You're re - leased, but your cus - to - dy calls.
Pla - net Earth is con - trol

Bm♭5 Bm G G(♭5)

arms. And I wan - na be free.
Do you wan - na be free?

G G(♭5) G

Don't you wan - na be - free?__ Do you like girls or

𝄋 A A(♭5) A Fmaj7 Fmaj7♭5

boys? It's con - fus - ing these__ days.

Fmaj7 G G(♭5) G

But moon - dust__ will cov - er you,__

F♯ Bm

cov - er you.__ So bye - bye love.__

G

Yeah, bye - bye love.__ Hal - lo Space -

Bm *Vocal 1° Only* Em6/G

- boy. (This cha - os is kill - ing me.)__

Em6 F♯7 *To Coda* 1. Bm

Hal - lo Space - boy.

Em6



2.

Bm



Space - boy,

G

you're sleep - y now.

Em6 F♯7

This cha - os is

Bm



kill - ing me.

Em6/B



Bm

This cha - os is kill - ing me.

Edim7/B

Bm

So bye - bye love.___

G/B

Yeah, bye - bye love.___ *(Instrumental)*

A

Do you wan - na be free?

F

Bm(add9)

Yes, I wan - na be free. Hal - lo Space - boy,

D.S. (2°) al Coda

Gmaj7 G6

you're sleep - y now.__ Do you like girls or

Coda

Bm G

Space - boy, you're sleep - y now.__

Em6 F♯7 Bm

Hal - lo Space - boy.

Em6/G Em6 F♯7 Bm Em6/B

Hal - lo,__ hal - lo.__ *(Voice loop)*

Little Wonder

Words by David Bowie.
Music by David Bowie, Reeves Gabrels & Mark Plati.

♩ = 152

N.C.

E C♯m A C E C♯m

1. Stink - ing wea - ther, fat shak - ing hand. Dop - ey morn - ing, doc; grump - y gnomes.
2. In - ter - ga - lac - tic, seem - ing to be you. It's all in the tab - lets: sneez - y Blu - tan.

Lit - tle won - der, then; lit - tle won - der.

A C E

You lit - tle won - der, lit - tle won - der you.__
2. Big screen dolls, tits and ex - plos - ions. Sleep - y time, bash - ful but nude.
4. Ma's hap - py na - tion, sit on my Kar - ma. Dame Me - di - ta - tion, take me a - way.

C♯m A C

E C♯m A

Lit - tle won - der, then; lit - tle won - der. You lit - tle won - der, lit - tle

1.

C E N.C.

won - der you.__

2.

C D/C E N.C.

won - der you.

E N.C. E B N.C.

F♯ N.C. F♯ C♯ 4fr N.C.

Send - ing me

G A add9

so far a- way. So far a- way.

B

1.

So far a - way. So far a - way.

2.

So, so far a - way.

Lit - tle won - der,

N.C.

B

lit - tle won - der you.

E B E

G

Send - ing me so far a - way.

A^add9 B

So far a way. So far a way.

1, 2. 3.

So far a way. So, so far a way.

4.

So, so far a way.

Lit - tle won - der.

You lit - tle won - der you.

N.C.

(Whisper)

You lit - tle won - der you.

E C♯m A C

You little wonder, little wonder you.

E C♯m A C

E C♯m A

Little wonder, then; little wonder. You little wonder, little

C D/C E

wonder you.

3 3

I'm Afraid Of Americans

Words by David Bowie.
Music by David Bowie & Brian Eno.

♩ = 86

F7



Da da da da da da da da da da.

John-ny's in A - me - ri - ca, low tech's at the wheel.

Da da da da da da da da da da.

No - one needs a - ny - one, they don't ev - en just pre - tend.

Johnny's in A - me - ri - ca. I'm a - fraid of A - me -

Da da da da da da da da da da.

- ri - cans, I'm a - fraid of the world,___ I'm a - fraid I can't

help it, I'm a - fraid I can't. I'm a - fraid of A - me -

- ri - cans, I'm a - fraid of the world, I'm a - fraid I can't

help it, I'm a - fraid I can't. I'm a - fraid of A - me -

- ri - cans.

Johnny's in America.
Da da da da da da da da da da.

Johnny wants a brain, Johnny wants to suck on a coke.

Johnny wants a woman, Johnny wants to think of a joke.

Da da da da da da da da da da.
Johnny's in A -

-me - ri - ca.
Da da da da da da da da da da.
I'm a - fraid of A - me-

- ri - cans, I'm a - fraid of the world,___ I'm a - fraid I can't

help it, I'm a - fraid I can't. I'm a - fraid of A - me -

- ri - cans, I'm a - fraid of the world,___ I'm a - fraid I can't

help it, I'm a - fraid I can't. I'm a - fraid of A - me - ri - cans.

N.C.

John - ny's in A - me - ri - ca, John - ny looks up at the stars,

Drum rhythm

John - ny's combs his hair and John - ny wants pus - sy in cars. John - ny's in A -

-me - ri - ca.
Da da da da da da da da da da.

Johnny's in A-

-me - ri - ca.
Da da da da da da da da da da.

I'm a - fraid of A - me-

- ri - cans, I'm a - fraid of the world, I'm a - fraid I can't

help it, I'm a - fraid I can't. I'm a - fraid of A - me -

- ri - cans, I'm a - fraid of the world, I'm a - fraid I can't

help it, I'm a - fraid I can't. I'm a - fraid of A - me -

- ri - cans, I'm a - fraid of the words, I'm a - fraid I can't

help it, I'm a - fraid I can't. I'm a - fraid of A - me -

- ri - cans. God is an A -

-me - ri - can. God is an A -

R.H. Tacet 1°

-me - ri - can. God is an A -

Repeat ad lib. to fade

-me - ri - can. God is an A -

Slow Burn

Words & Music by David Bowie.

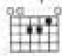
♩ = 108

N.C.

F



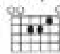
Am/E



F



Am/E



F



Am/E



1. Here shall we live in this ter - ri - ble town.
2. These are the days, these are the strang - est of all.

F

But the price for our eyes shall squeeze them
These are the nights, these are the

Am/E F

tight like a fist. And the walls show a pair of
dark - est to fall. But who knows

Am/E

eyes and the doors shall per - ish. But we'll
ech - oes in te - ne - ment halls.

F Am/E

dance in the dark and they'll play with their lives.
Who knows, though the years slay them all.


Dm
— And the slow___ burn,__ lead - ing us
— Like the slow___ burn,__ lead - ing us
(𝄋) the slow___ burn,__ lead - ing us
F F/E F/D F/C Dm
on and on and on.__ And the slow___ burn,_
on___ and on and on.__ Like the slow___ burn,_
on and on and on.__ Like the slow___ burn,_
F F/E F/D F/C
— turn - ing us round and round___ and round.__
— turn - ing us round and round___ and up - side down. There's
— turn - ing us round and round___ and round.__ And
B♭ B♭/A Gm
But who are we, so small in times such as these?
fear ov - er - head, there's fear ov - er - ground.
here___ are we, at the centre of it all.

To Coda 𝄌

G♭



F



Slow burn.

Am/E

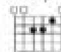


F



Slow___ burn.

Am/E



1.

2.

D.S. al Coda

Like

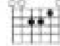
𝄌 ***Coda***

F



burn.___

Am/E



Repeat to fade

Slow__

Everyone Says "Hi"

Words & Music by David Bowie.

♩ = 104

C Am C

1. Said you took a big
2. Said you sailed a big

Em Am Cmaj7

trip. they said you moved a - way.
ship, said you sailed a - way.

F G C

Hap - pened oh so qui - et - ly they say.
Did - n't know the right thing to say.

Am7 C Em

Should - 've took a pic - ture,
I'd love to get a let - ter,

Am Em F

some - thing I could keep,
like to know what's what,
buy a lit - tle frame,
hope the wea - ther's good,

G Dm G

some-thing cheap for you.
and it's not too hot. for you.

Dm 1. G C

Ev - 'ry - one says hi.

Am7 C Am7

2.

G Dm G

Ev - 'ry - one says hi, ev - 'ry - one says

Dm G Dm

hi, ev - 'ry - one says don't stay in a sad

Em F G

place. Where they don't care how you are, ev - 'ry - one says

C Am7 C Am7

hi.

E♭ Dm Am7

If the mo - ney is lous - y, you can al - ways come
If the food gets you lear - y, you can al - ways phone

A♭ C Am

home. We can do the old things,
home. We could do all the good things,

F Am Dm

we can do all the bad things. Don't stay in a
we could do it, we could do it, we could do it.

Em F G N.C.

bad place, where they don't care how you are. Ev - 'ry - one says

Dm Em F

hi, Ev - 'ry - one says hi.

G Dm Em

Ev - 'ry - one says hi. (Ev - 'ry - one says hi.) And the girl next
Ev - 'ry - one says
Ev - 'ry - one says
Ev - 'ry - one says

F G

4° to fade

door, (Ev - 'ry - one says hi.) And the guy up - stairs
hi, And your mum and dad
hi, And your big fat dog
hi,